THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

AUGUST 1, 1809.

THE WELSH RAT-CATCHER, A FRAGMENT.

Shewing how he that would *do Wright** does *wrong*; and the folly of attempting to do *better* than BEST.

* * * * * * he was certainly rather too apt to believe things upon mere hearsay, and when once any notion got into his head it was a hard matter to persuade him to give it up, even though he could not deny its falsehood, or injustice: but with all his failings and prejudices John was upon the whole a very good sort of fellow. He thought he could never do enough for those who shewed a disposition to serve him, and as there are always people ready to take advantage of liberality, it frequently happened, that he paid those most who did him no service at all. To make great professions of disinterestedness, and talk loudly of the waste and negligence of John's ser-

* This is certainly rather a strange specimen of orthography, but as the writer may have adopted it for the sake of more perfect alliteration, or some other reason, which though we do not suggest, may occur to the reader, it has been thought most proper to retain it. SAT.

vants, of whom he had always the most strange and perverse jealousy, was a sure way to his favour. This was a weakness so well known, that designing men, who had any secret purpose to effect, constantly played on it, and as constantly succeeded.

Nobody was better acquainted with John's disposition in this respect than the Welsh rat-catcher: and for a time nothing could equal the favor he obtained in consequence of the bustle he made about the lad that was hired to keep the vermin and birds off John's farm, and the stories he persuaded the little girl, that was the lad's favourite playfellow, to tell; as was mentioned in another place.* He had before this contrived to get himself considered by John as a *member* of his family, and after he was once in the *house*, he had his ear completely, and made good use of his *privilege*. No one affected more purity of motive or integrity of principle; and, as if he wished to engross to himself every atom of virtue and talent, he appeared resolved to allow not the smallest share to any one else. No one knew how to make or bait a rat-trap but himself. Every thing was wrong, and he would set every thing right. His system was the simplest in the world. Every thing had been going the wrong way for such a length of time that what ought to be at the bottom was got to the top: to produce a fundamental *reform*, therefore, it was only necessary to turn every thing topsy-turvy. This was the proper way of coming at once to the secrets and slut-holes of iniquity, and putting things in their proper places.

Farmer John thought this was just the man he wanted: he considered his accusation of the lad only as a com-

* See JOHN AND THE DOCTORS, No. XXII. of the SATIRIST, p. 1.

mencement of hostility against the waste, and peculation, and negligence of his servants, and as an earnest of his future activity. But his gratitude on this account was the most extravagant that can be imagined, and every one of his family seemed to vie with each other in shewing the rat-catcher tokens of respect and admiration. One presented him a piece of Manchester *stuff*, another a Birmingham snuff-box filled with the best *black-guard*, and another, who was a *hog-feeder*, sent him some fine *gammon* from Hampshire. One offered him a pair of *York* tan gloves, but as he had a particular prejudice against *York* goods, he accepted a *second hand man-trap* instead, which, as it was a *piece* of very *artful workmanship*, he found very useful in his calling. John's good wife exerted all her skill in cooking up nice dishes to tickle his palate, and never surely was rat-catcher so crammed before: but he was particularly fond of *flummery*, though it must be confessed that the good dame had not the knack of dishing it up in the most delicate manner: he swallowed it, however, so greedily, and in such quantities as would have surfeited a man of common stomach. Nor was this all, every thing about the house and farm was nick-named after him. An ass happened to foal, and the young one instead of being called JACK, as all his ancestors had been from the days of Adam, was immediately honoured with the name of the rat-catcher. The maids worked his name in their garters, and wore them as an effectual charm to preserve their chastity, or at least to conceal its loss. The butter print, which for many years had impressed the produce of John's dairy with the figure of a goose, was by a little contrivance changed into a resemblance of this Welch prodigy; and this fancy was carried so far, that a travelling Jew, who sold images, taking advantage of the infatuation, got

a good price for the head of a Punchinello, by passing it off for a new bust of the rat-catcher.

While this lasted, it was very amusing to see the air of superiority and self-complacency, which the rat-catcher assumed: he seemed resolved to wear the golden opinions, which he had bought from all sorts of people, while they were yet in their newest gloss. And it was well for him that he did so: for they were of too shewy a colour, and too slight a texture to wear long, and he was not cleanly enough to keep them from soiling. There was a picture in the farmer's parlour, of the Daw stripped of his borrowed feathers; and it was observed by some, who could not help smiling when they saw the rat-catcher strutting in his *meretricious* decorations, that he always carefully avoided looking at this picture, and if by chance it was mentioned he was sure to change colour. The reason of this became plain enough in the end, and made good the saying that a halter should never be mentioned in house where one of the family has been hanged. In the mean time, however, the Welchman's good fortune made him less cautious to keep up the character he had assumed, as success ever begets carelessness. He thought, perhaps, that he was fixed too firmly in his seat to be shaken, and that he might do just as he liked. It was not long before it was found out that he was the pot-house friend of a most abandoned fellow, who was shunned by every man that had a character to lose; a deserter that had been skulking for some time about the village, under various disguises, and living, as they say, by his wits; but who had at last found means to support himself by the profits arising from the prostitution of one POL REG, a most impudent and shameless trollop that he had brought into the parish, many of whose inhabitants were already contaminated by her loathsome impurities.

John, however, who was as quick in his resentments as ardent in his friendships, began to be rather shy of the rat-catcher, when he discovered this intimacy, and several others of the same kind; but his eyes were completely opened as to the true character of the idol he had so elevated, by a circumstance brought about by the rat-catcher's own meanness or stupidity.

It should seem that when he first proposed to recommend himself to John's notice, by accusing his lad and getting him out of his place, he got the girl, who has been so often mentioned, and two mole-catchers, to accompany him round the farmer's fields, for the purpose of inspecting the mole-traps, that if any fault could be found in them they might have some grounds for accusation on this account against the lad. And then to induce the girl to tell all the stories that she did, he not only gave her sugar-plumbs, but took her to a toy-shop, and encouraged her to chuse the most expensive and prettiest toys that were there. Among the rest was a pretty little wooden horse,* which she managed with great dexterity. One of the mole-catchers, a very cunning, *brazen* blade, was much attracted, and very naturally, by a *bronze* plaything: "*A* Don's my life!" cried he, "this will just suit you, my girl; it's quite Turkish!"

"Ah! but that's the very reason I don't like it," said she, "I don't think any thing Turkish would suit me."

"But it's all the go now," said the Welch rat catcher.

"Well," says the girl, "as you are to pay for it, it is but right you should have your choice."

Now as it turned out in the end, this matter of payment was the last thing that any one of them thought

* *Gallice*, BIDET!!!

of, except the *toy*-WRIGHT:* as for him, he would not have trusted the girl herself for a whistle. But the rat-catcher knew very well that he could not get farmer John to take the least notice of him, unless he could coax the girl to tell the stories which she did; and if she had asked to have the toy-WRIGHT's whole shop he would scarce have ventured to refuse her.

Nothing of all this plot was suspected till long after the rat-catcher was settled in John's *house*, and had received all those marks of distinction, which have been alluded to; for he was perfectly well aware of the absolute necessity of avoiding all appearance of collusion, or plot, at which he knew the honesty of John's nature would spurn with indignation: in short he thought it would be the best way to forget the whole business; it was certainly most convenient, and he very naturally concluded it would be *doing Wright*. † But the toy-*wright's* memory was not quite so accommodating; he did not chuse to be so *done*:

'He could not but remember such things were,
'And were most *dear* to him.'

When he found therefore that the rat-catcher had served his turn so well, he considered it high time to refresh his memory respecting the means of his elevation. It was to no purpose; the rat-catcher's resolution was

* This word, though it may appear new, is here used with perfect propriety, expressing the character of a maker of toys with much greater precision, than *toy-man*, the word in common use does: it is of the same class of compounded words as ship-wright, wheel-wright, play-wright, &c.

† Here the same strange orthography occurs in the MSS. which we noticed in the title, and which we have preserved for the reasons there stated. SAT.

taken: he had determined to remember nothing. The toy-WRIGHT was astonished; but as he did not chuse to be made a tool of, and not be paid for his labour, he resolved to let farmer John know the whole truth of the matter, that he might see what sort of a blade he was cherishing: and to warn him, since the rat-catcher's memory was so bad, to take care that in seeking to destroy the vermin on his farm, the rat-catcher made no mistake, and destroyed him.

Accordingly he came one day to the farmer, and found him sitting in his hall with several of his family, drinking ale, and admiring some new contrivances of the rat-catcher's to get rid of the vermin that preyed on his corn. They extolled his spirit and genius to the third heaven: he was the very prince of rat-catchers, and a true descendant of that illustrious patriot, who, to preserve the cheese of Wales, his native country, invented the mouse-trap. The toy-WRIGHT, in the midst of all this admiration, laid his account before them, and brought the girl with him to prove the truth of his story. The whole plot was laid open: farmer John was struck mute with wonder; he could scarcely give credit to his senses, and was unwilling to believe that he had been so completely duped. He summoned the rat-catcher before him to answer to these charges, and if the business had not been as clear as noon-day against him, his bare denial of the facts would have almost satisfied the farmer of his integrity.

He had received some intimation of the business, and came attended by several of his most intimate comrades. To come off as cleanly as he could, he had made friends with a deep fellow that had plenty of tongue, who, he thought, would bring him through thick and thin, by throwing dust in the farmer's eyes: he was, indeed, as

sharp a blade at an argument as any in the parish, in fact he might be fairly called the BEST. And he certainly did make the *best* of a bad business; but the rat-catcher vainly thought he could do *better* then BEST, and not only swore that the toy-WRIGHT was a liar, but that the girl was not fit to be believed upon any occasion; that she was a little perjured devil, who would swear any thing for any body that would bribe her.*

Upon this the farmer flew into a most tremendous passion: he could no longer doubt how egregiously he had mistaken the character of the rat-catcher. But he resolved that he should no longer strut about in his meretricious attire; he fell upon him and with the assistance of the girl soon stripped him even to his *culottes,* which she requested as her perquisite. Every thing,but the Hampshire gammon which he had swallowed was taken from him; and now he stood confessed a perfect *sans-culotte*; and if his comrade the deserter had not thrown a *dirty sheet* of POL REG's over him, he had been stark-naked. This fellow would have assassinated the girl, but the farmer perceiving his intention, hurled the proceedings of a *court martial* at his head, upon which he fled in affright, taking under his arm a little black-looking fellow, one of his favourite pupils,who had tried to throw the girl,but had not been able to manage her. It was, indeed, a sad reverse for the rat-catcher, the tables were completely turned, his old comrades were bewailing his miserable flight with loud lamentations—all his gaudy trappings were scattered in the dust and trodden under foot—the very dogs * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* The rat-catcher was mistaken, she would only tell a *simple lie*, for a bribe, but to perjure herself adventured she not for *love* or *money*.

NEW MILK!!!

Lac mihi non æstate *novum* non frigore desit!

MR. SATIRIST,

In his justly popular *Letters to married Women*, Dr. Hugh Smith assures his readers that "an infant will receive from *one pint* of MILK more real and good nourishment than from *ten quarts* of *pap*, as it is called; indeed, he might say, more nourishment than from *any other kind of support*. For, notwithstanding the juices which afford sustenance are all *liquid*, it is necessary they should contain *the essence* of *substantial food*: and although a man who is accustomed to daily labour would soon be emaciated by living continually upon *broths*; yet MILK *alone* would support his strength and spirits."* The correctness of this statement, Sir, it is by no means your present correspondent's wish to invalidate: on the contrary, my own little experience of the comparative merits of various kinds of diet, very forcibly induces me to give willing credence to the doctor's assertion. "*Can none remember? yes! I know all must*," those pinch-paunch times of famine and philanthropy, when soup-houses and Lacedemonian black broth, were in vogue: then, every boiler in the metropolis and its more immediate vicinity, (like Medea's famous cauldron,) bubbled, frothed, foamed, and ran over, with the concoction of innumerable ingredients of vivifying power, such as had never before entered into the imagination of cooks to conceive.

* *Letters to married Women. By Hugh Smith, M. D.* The third edition, revised and considerably enlarged. London. Kearsly, No. 46, Fleet-street, 1774. *Pages* 131, 132, duodecimo.

——validum posito medicamen aheno
Fervet et exsultat; spumisque tumentibus albet.

Herrings, "cheese parings, candle-ends,"* turnip tops, carrot-sprouts, radishes, dry bones, &c. &c. &c. were all most ingeniously *digested* together into one indistinguishable fluid mass of nutriment, and profusely seasoned with leeks, onions, garlic, parsley, sorrel, and assa-fœtida.

—— corpore in uno
Frigida pugnabant calidis, *humentia* siccis,
Mollia cum duris, sine pondere *habentia pondus.*

The delicious compost was, finally, retailed to the public in little buckets, at the rate, in general, of about *two-pence the quart.* The plan was good; the execution was excellent: and yet, somehow or other, Mr. Satirist, (I cannot tell you how it happened,) the nectar and ambrosia of our large parish hung sadly upon hand, after a few weeks' fair trial. Indeed, *I do think I recollect* certain unfortunate whispers that gradually got wind, relative to some petty casual inconveniences; such as pains in the stomach, heart-burnings, flatulencies, wind-colic, gripes, stranguaries, constipations, or diarrhœas, according to the different constitutions of our discontented customers: but—all these scandalous reports soon *died away, with their authorities.*

At another time, Sir, pending a remarkable dearth of wheaten flower,—whether attributable to real scarcity of the article of consumption itself, or to fictitious wants and the arts of monopolists, in truth, I am not prepared to say,—our national rage for benevolent contributions to the poor took a different turn. The ingenious sub-

* Mr. W-ndh-m's *admirable* speech in the House of Commons: I always quote the gentleman with pleasure.

stitution of every sort of vegetable *farina* was variously recommended, inculcated, and enforced, by argument, by exhortation, and by example; pulse of all names and properties went first to the mill and thence to the oven; subscriptions to more than thirty-nine articles of voluntary self privation were printed, hawked about, and signed; and wonders were expected from these wonderful regulations. The lower classes, perhaps, suffered least, this time: but it proved a glorious season for the sons of Galen and Æsculapius among the higher and the middling orders of the community.

Those days are gone by, Mr. Satirist, and I hope none of us wishes rashly for their recurrence, notwithstanding the charming opportunities they would undoubtedly afford us of exhibiting our sensibilities and our *savoir vivre*. There is, nevertheless, a growing and an alarming evil, Sir, already but too apparent in this huge metropolis; and the constant addition of new houses and fresh inhabitants must encrease it every month: I allude to the notorious rarity of NEW MILK.

Much invention has been exerted, and many laudable processes no doubt have been devised to palliate, if not wholly to remedy the want of genuine MILK; let any sensible man, however, for a moment seriously reflect on the enormous daily demand for this commodity, and I think he must admit, with a sigh, the utter inadequacy of any plausible succedaneum to meet the pressing exigency with full success. Alas! Mr. Satirist, what relief can result from slugs, and snails, and spiders, at all commensurate with the calls of infancy, manhood, and old-age! None; comparatively and absolutely, none: but, *list, list, Oh! list,* as the royal *Ghost* of Shakespeare exclaims:

Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia latè,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui ; sit numine vestro
Pandere res altâ terrâ et caligine mersas.

One fine sunshiny morning last week, "when dreams, they say, prove true," as I lay slumbering upon my couch with the chamber-window open, I was suddenly serenaded by a clear and melodious cry in the street, of "NEW MILK, *two pence the quart!*" I sprung up in haste, flung on my loose morning gown, and ran down to the door in a moment.—*It was no delusion of a poet's brain. There* stood a cherub milk-boy, with neat tin pails, replete with tempting liquid of a *cream-like* colour and consistency. I enquired of the boy by what "curious felicity" his master was enabled to sell his MILK so reasonably, whilst every other retailer expected twice as much money for the same quantity, whether he brewed his own beverage or not? ONE MAY LIVE AND LEARN, Mr. Satirist.

The pretty little fellow candidly told me the secret, if secret it could be called, at once. It seems, Sir, that his grace the Duke of Piccadilly has long accustomed himself to scientific pursuits, and especially to pleasing researches in *natural* philosophy. It was his grace who gave Dr. Underwood "A comparative *Analysis* of the MILKS of women, cows, goats, asses, sheep, and mares;"* and, with a modesty inseparable from true genius, suppressed the share he himself had in the important discovery, and generously ascribed the undivided honour to M. Boyssou of Aurillac in Upper-Auvergny. His grace is a decided

* Inserted in "A Treatise on the Disorders of Childhood, and Management of Infants from the Birth. By M. Underwood, M.D. &c. &c. Vol. III. page 80. duodecimo. Second edition. 1805.

advocate for the use of MILK, human or bestial, in all the modes that can be discovered; he believes most devoutly in the opinion of Dr. Smith already cited; and, having long attained his *second state* of childhood, indulges in the practice of lacteal absorption with renovated ardour, and even more than juvenile alacrity.

"Please your honour," says the lad, "the Duke of Piccadilly goes to sweat in a hot bath of MILK. I hears that it is main powerful, and I dares say it is; for we gets it *gennewin*, from the Lying-in Hospital, from Mr. Ick's, the jack-ass seller,* and a sight of other places. We throws all into a copper together, and skims it off carefully as it simmers; then a Frenchman† messes up something in it, and all's ready for the bath. I believes the Duke is a very clean body: so you see as how, Sir, our NEW MILK be hardly a hair the worse. We sells it hot and hot, and tells no tales, *if nobody axes about it.*"

Shall I confess my weakness, Sir? Whether I was actually sleeping or waking, at the time of the disclosure, I really feel incompetent to aver, for I returned to rest without making a purchase, and slept most soundly after the presumed adventure. Still, I never now hear the shrill and tuneful scream of "NEW MILK, *two pence the quart!*" without mentally blessing his grace the Duke of Piccadilly for the extensive comforts which I am strongly inclined to fancy the public, *unconsciously*, derive *from him.*

I remain, Mr. Satirist,

Your's, &c.

Hyde Park Corner. SOMNAMBULUS.

* I find, Mr. Satirist, that Mr. ICK resides at Knightsbridge, which is not *far* from Piccadilly.

† *Le pere Elisee*, I suppose: see "*the Pursuits of Literature*," for the gentleman's *clerical* functions.

THE SALE OF BOOKS.

SIR,

HAVING occasion to call in King-Street, Covent Garden, one day last week, I was much surprized at the immense croud of people and carriages, which obstructed all progress, and rendered a passage impracticable except with the utmost danger. The Irish costermongers and hucksters were swearing most bitterly *by the holy phial,* that it was a burning shame a thoroughfare should be so blocked up; and a poor basket-woman with strawberries on her head was forced to bolt through the church-yard passage into Henrietta-Street, because she could not get on without going back. Coaches, chariots, sociables, barouches, landaus, curricles, gigs, dog-carts, and mail-coaches formed as impenetrable a barrier as General Danube has raised against Buonaparte. In short, Sir, I can compare the croud to nothing that ever *was*: I think it could only be equalled by that which *will be* when *Mister* Cobbett meets his deserts. It is fortunate that the society for the Suppression of Vice have changed their head quarters from No. 16, where they once were established, as they would, no doubt, have indicted Messrs. King and Lochee for a nuisance: for it was at their door that the principal push was, and the main confusion.

Anxious to investigate the cause of this uncommon concourse, I found that it was occasioned by a sale of the Black Letter books, curious old plays, and rare tracts of a late eminent collector, chosen with the greatest judgment, all in the highest preservation, and in superb bindings. Having myself once had a little fondness for black letter lore, till I found that *pica roman* suited both my *eyes* and

my *pocket* rather better than the finest specimen of typography, by *Wynkyn de Worde* or *Fust and Schöeffer of Mergentheim*, I could not refrain from squeezing in with the rest, and, to speak technically, adding one to "the ship of Fooles." Never did I witness so crouded and so heterogeneous an assembly. Noah's ark, or the Argyle rooms were nothing to it. Dukes, marquisses, earls, viscounts, barons, and baronets; peeresses in their own right, and peers always in the wrong, fusty dowagers, and blooming virgins, parsons and pickpockets, soldiers and swindlers, whores and rogues, were pressing against each other, and panting *for* breath, and *in* expectation of the propitious moment when the sale was to begin.

At half past twelve, to a second, Mr. King took the chair, and after having with his wonted urbanity informed the company that the conditions of sale were as usual, and requested Mrs. P—n to stand a little further back from Dr. G., as her particular prominence of feature absolutely eclipsed the reverend gentleman, and threw him quite into the shade, (a very unusual situation for him at book sales) proceeded to dispose of the first lot.

This was "ARS magna et admirabilis," bound up with "the *Golden Rump*," and was knocked down to Lord G—lle. An amicable* competition, for a short time, had taken place between the Marquis of B—m and Earl T—e for this copy, till Lord G. assured them that he intended to be-STOW it properly, and became the happy purchaser.

Lot 2. "Digges's *Complete Ambassador*," and "the *American Negociator*." For the first of these Mr. King had a commission from the Marquis of D—ASS, but Lord

* ——— inque vicem pugnat uterque
Hoc solum extabat quo non convenerat illis.
Cætera par concors et sine lite fuit." Ovid de Ponto.

E—ne insisted they should be sold together, and they were knocked down to him for the use of his dear *David*; and a dividend warrant for *American* stock was handed by him to Messrs. King and Lochee's clerk, payable at the house of Sir Francis Baring.

Lot 3. "LEARN TO LYE warme." This lot was *claimed* by Colonel W—dle, as having been **conveyed* some months back by him to Mrs. Clarke for the use of herself and *favourites*, and *he could not now recollect*, nor *charge his memory* how it came out of his or her hands. N. B. The book was much soiled.

Lot 4. "*Baudii* epistolæ," bought by *Monk* Lewis, Esq. against the bidding of *Anacreon* Moore.

Lot 5. "The Grand *Impostor*," by the Patriotic Colonel.

Lot 6. "*Idol of the Clownes*," by the same.

Lot 7. "A *petite* Pallace of PETTIE his pleasure," by an ex-chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lot 8. "Gallus's *Impotent Lover*," bought for some nobleman whose name I could not hear, in Piccadilly.

Lot 10. "Westley's *Maggots*," by the *Rev.* Dr. A. Cl—ke, who also purchased

Lot 11. "*Work for Chimney-Sweepers, or a Warning for Tobacconists, describing the pernicious use of Tobacco.*"

Lot 12. "The deceitful Irishman, and artful Cheat," by P. F. M'All—m, *Esq.*

Lot 13. Mr. Whitbread's "Letter to *dear* Lord Holland," was next put up, but no one would bid: Mr. King therefore joined it with the next lot, "*Did you ever see such damned stuff?*" 1760—still the room was mute; though a kind of *titter* was here and there attempted to

* "A *fico* for the phrase." Pistol.

be suppressed. The worthy auctioneer proceeded to Lot 15, "*A Scourge for Paper Persecutors*, or

> Paper's complaint, compil'd in ruthfull rimes
> Against the paper-spoilers of these times ;"

and the three lots were purchased for 5l. 15s. 6d. by Earl T—e.

Lot 16. "The Pomander of Prayer," knocked down to the Rev. W. HUNT for three guineas and a half, who readily gave Mr. King a draft for the money upon the *Bank of Faith:* but the worthy auctioneer facetiously observing that he had rather have one upon the *Bank of England*, the *reverend gentleman* was "at his old lunes," judicially damned him as a reprobate, and mischief might have ensued, if Lady Sand—on who came along with him, intending to bid for "GRIM, *the collier* of Croydon," had not, after a long rummage, furnished the amount in *more current* cash.

Lot 17. "Merits of *Assassination*," 1728, bought by Mr. Peter Finnerty.

Lot 18. "London's blame, if not its shame" lay between Col. W—dle and a common council-man, to the latter of whom it was knocked down, upon the Colonel's expressing his hopes of procuring another copy, and politely saying, "never mind; I can *wait, man.*"

Lot 19. "Character of a projector," bought by a proprietor of the "Insurance office for the lives of cattle;" the purchaser was a *brown* man, but after having read a few pages I thought he looked rather *blue.*

Lot 20. "*Suckling's Poems*" were bought by a *minor*, to while away some *hours of idleness.*

Lot 21. "Maundeville's Voiage and Travailes, which

treateth of the way to Hierusalem, and of *Marvayles of Inde*,' bought by Lord V—tia, on account of the * Alfred Society.

Lot 23. " Al-man-Sir, or Rhodomontados of the most horrible, terrible, and invincible Captain Sir Frederick Fight-all," bound in *sheep*, and illustrated with views of *Buenos Ayres*, and a portrait of general *le patissier* Liniers, and *Basque Roads*. This lot was strongly contested by a Mr. Whitelock and a General Bragfurd, but was at last bought by a naval officer, who had a very *canting, jesuitical, psalm-singing, methodistical* appearance; I observed he *fought very shy* of the purchasers of the next two lots.

24. " Mistaken Justice, or Innocence condemned," bought by Sir El-b H-rv-y: (Mr. King had a large commission for this lot from the neighbourhood of Oatlands) and,

25. " The Seaman's Triumph," by Lord Cochrane.

Lot 26. " Religio Bibliopolæ," and " the Life and Errors of John Dunton, Bookseller," bought by Sir R-ch-d Ph-l-ps. He observed to Mr. King that he did not care much for the *first* article in the lot: but as he had a taste for biography, and indeed had written his own life, *errors excepted*, his inducement to purchase was the last article. Upon this remark, Mr. Blore, rather in haste, begged to have the next lot put up, and recommended it to the Knight's notice, viz.

27. " The open mouth of Balaam's ASSE," Sir Richard frowned; but the object of his disgust was soon removed, it was knocked down to Lord F—lk—ne.

* Mr. King's pronunciation was so rapid, that I could not ascertain whether it was for the *Alfred* or the *Half-read* Society. The latter is so abusive a metonymy, that I have little doubt of the correctness of my first conjecture.

28. "Dekker's *Horne-book*," bought by Miss Ow-ns-n to assist her in a new novel shortly to go press, intitlled *Man*, or *Tommy of Tunis*.

29. "Dekker's *Isle of* GULLS," I could not, at the time, discover who was the purchaser of this rare piece; but by *a late Inquiry* I find it has been debited to the *public* account.

By some means or other "the Cabinet-maker's Guide" had crept into this selection of *rare* tracts, and as it was going for *a mere song*, Mrs. C— gave Mr. D. Wright a hint to purchase it, which he did: and desired Mr. King to charge it to Colonel W—dle's account. This the colonel insisted should not be done, *as he had had dealings enough already* with Mr. Wright, and would *pay no more* of his accounts. Mr. Wright, in a kind of *mezza voice* muttered something, the whole of which I could not make out: the words *compelled*, and *Court of King's Bench*, were, however, sufficiently audible; and och! by the powers to be sure the colonel did not wax wroth! Fortunate was it for the upholder that the crowd and the shew-table separated him from the infuriate patriot. Paddy P-ns-by besought the colonel not to *demane* himself by striking such a *spalpeen*, and to *regard* what he said only by *taking no notice of* it. But the colonel was not to be pacified: he sat swelling and cocking his head at the patient offender, while Mr. King who had only an eye to business, took each jerk for an advance on the bidding, and actually knocked down the next lot, "THE MATCHLESS ROGUE" bound in * *scarlet and bronze*, very scarce, for £7 13s. to the colonel in spite of the eager competition of Mister Cobbett and Finnerty to secure it The tor-

* A favourite mixture of the colonel's, and in complete unison with his *habits*.

rent of abuse that **broke through the hedge of the teeth* of the patriot could be equalled only by a prior effusion at the Crown and Anchor. *The duchess of* R. and the *whiskered* countess declared they never heard any thing like it. Bill Soames stared with amaze, and declared he would *back* the patriot for *slang* against any *kiddy* that ever was *scragged*. The company almost unanimously declared that he was a disgrace to society, and deserved to be *expelled from every house* in which he should dare to set his foot. They were proceeding to turn him out, when Lord F-lkst--e who was present as *puffer*, being a friend of the deceased collector, observing that the colonel had bought largely, and finding from Mr. Wright that he could be *compelled to pay*, prevailed on Sir Francis B-rd-tt, and Mr. Wh-tb-d to engage for his future good behaviour; and the sale was suffered to proceed.

SPANISH MANUSCRIPT.

SIR,

As I find you do not think it beneath you to notice Charles Sedley, *Esquire, alias* Mr. Elrington, *alias, &c. fool Hague, gentleman!* Peter Finnerty, *madman*, and William Cobbett, *deserter*, I do not conceive that you can be restrained by any motives of delicacy from entering into a correspondence with me: since I am full as much of an† esquire as Charles Sedley; more of a gentleman than *fool* Hague; not quite so mad as Peter the wild-

* —ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων—Il. ξ. 83.

† There is an order of esquires mentioned by Ben Jonson, and patronized by the Duke of Q. to which I conceive Charles Sed-

boy; and have not deserted so often as Cobbett. Like Lord Erskine I must begin with saying something of MYSELF; but unlike Lord Erskine I will promise to end this communication without saying any thing of MYSELF.

I was born and educated in *wig* principles. It appears by the churchwarden's books of T— parish, Cambridge, that I am the son of Poll Carpenter by the flying barber, and *others*. Polly, who knew that *good works*, (to use the Rev. Mr. C—c—l's expression) "*were not worth a bundle of dog's meat*," was resolved to be saved by *faith*, and regularly every Sunday evening took her "drop of comfort," at Simeon's assembly-room opposite the Black Bear, Shoemaker row. Here she met my father one evening, when "the dear man" had done "expounding;" the consequences were, what the consequences usually were, of attending the assembly. She retired to "her chamber, to commune with"—the *flying barber*, and sweetly did they work together in the labour of love; and *edified* exceedingly; for this meeting was productive of the *new birth* to one of them.

I will not trouble you with the occurrences of my childhood. I obtained a few years ago a *travelling fellowship*, and having an *irresistible* call to visit foreign climes, I played for *seven* years "the Stranger in New South Wales," and was munificently supported at the expence of my country. I returned but lately, and guess at my indignation when I found my exhibition withdrawn. That, however, was not much. A *poor whig*, as the late Duke of

ley belongs. They are called "apple squires." Their duties, privileges and emoluments are fully set forth in "Every Man out of his Humour," though I cannot expect the four *u orthies* above mentioned will consult this elaborate performance, for fear it should be too personal.

Bedford well knew, and the present equally knows, always finds somebody or something to live upon. I was a constant attendant upon the *Robbing* Hood society, and for some time contrived to *pick* out a pretty maintenance. Unfortunately mistaking, however, Peter the Wild Boy's pocket for my own, (I say *unfortunately*, as I found nothing in it but a pistol, a piece of brown paper that served him for a handkerchief, a dagger with the point broken off, and a noose of whip-cord) made it necessary for me, as I was not on the *establishment* of the society, to change my quarters; and Mr. *Manager* Graham kindly recommended me to serve his majesty either in his army or navy as best suited my inclinations. This was a bitter pill for a whig to swallow, as we are fond of no majesty but "the majesty of the people." I had enough of the sea during my travels, and having read Mr. Whitbread's sixpenny Letter to dear Lord Holland on the affairs of Spain, which I had nabbed one night at the society, out of Mr. Wright's pocket, and knowing the expedition was to be under the command of a Whig general, I preferred giving liberty to the patriots of Spain to being deprived of my own at home.

The *motions* of the Earl of Darnley, Lord Temple, Mr. Ponsonby, and Mr. Whitbread, have made you pretty well acquainted with mine during the campaign. But "the d—d good-natured friendship" of the party has brought to light an unfortunate letter which was never *intended* for the public eye, and *for that reason* the Patriotic Band wished it should be printed. This has told the nation that some part of the troops did not behave quite so well as British soldiers usually do. That this is but too true, "I for one, am free to confess."

Having one day, during our stay at Salamanca *nothing to do*, as was not unfrequently the case, I strolled to the

college, and, as I was gaping about, one of the fathers very civilly asked me, if I would see the library, and the relics, and other curiosities; I gratefully accepted the invitation, and after contemplating the sword that Balaam *wished for*; the *brush* of one of Samson's foxes, and the teeth of the fish that was going to swallow Tobit, I proceeded to the library. The good father's gratitude induced him to bring forward all the curiosities that more particularly related to England, and a fine picture of Titus Oates in the pillory rivetted my attention, as I was much struck with the strong resemblance between him and Mr. Finnerty in a similar situation. I seized the opportunity of my kind *Cicerone's* back being turned to convey into my cartouch-box, a manuscript about as long as Mr. Sheridan's wine-merchant's bill, and something longer than his purse, and taking a hasty leave of the father returned to quarters.

On my arrival in England I paid a visit to my native place, and shewing my manuscript to a friend (a *gip* of Trinity, who occasionally writes themes and declamations for *minor* lords and fellow commoners, when employed by MAPS, and during the long vacation corrects translations of Lope da Vega and other Spanish authors, for he dislikes *hours of idleness*) he assured me it was a great curiosity, being "*A letter to the supreme head of the* * *Cabilda of* YNGLATERRA LA VEJA, *the most excellent signor Don* VENTOSO DE VILLA-VERDE, *with instructions for his conduct in that situation.*" He has kindly translated it for me, and I shall shortly have the pleasure of communicating it

* My friend informs me that the title of the MS. is a little defaced, and he is doubtful whether he should not read CABAL-day; especially as upon referring to the page of history, and duly weighing *all the talents* of the party, he finds the latter to be the more appropriate appellation.

to you. Any remuneration that you may think proper to forward to me at the sign of "the *jobing* tutor," Petty Cury, Cambridge, will be thankfully accepted by,

Sir,

Your's to command,

WILLIAM CRIBBITT.

MORAL AND LITERARY NOVELTIES.

To the Editor of the Satirist.

SIR,

SOLOMON tells us, that "there is nothing new under the sun;" but Solomon, we all know, was mistaken in more points than this. I think I can produce at least two real novelties to invalidate his assertion.

In the days of Wycherly, Farquhar, and Congreve, an *alderman* and a *cuckold* were nearly *synonyma*. They were considered as fair game to *flesh* a nobleman upon, before he attempted the wife of his friend; and a jury could hardly be found who would give damages, as the defendant would be sure to plead *prescription*. The horned herd, however, "bore their faculties" meekly; and no one of the twenty-four, even did he happen to be a *colonel* of the train bands, even thought of retaliation. Taking *revenge in kind* was as far from their ideas, as drinking beer manufactured *secundum artem*, that is with *three* bushels of malt to the *hogshead*; or spending an

* See *Professor* Whitbread's speech on the Private Brewery bill, in the days of "*all the talents.*"

evening at *White's, and chousing an unfledged nobleman* who had been indulging in potations more generous than the *brewer's wash*, of more than *half a plum*. But "tempora mutantur." Patience is exhausted, and the alderman resolves to have his turn, "* and makes as many cuckolds as the rest." But he begins ungenerously. Like the fox he preys not far from home, and his first essay is among his own body. "*Vincta cædit sua.*" The *cause-list* of the court of King's Bench will soon shew this to have been the case: for much do I approve of the "patient merit" of the *poor* sufferer, who thinks John Doe and Richard Roe better seconds than Mr. Cooper, of †*tree-seeking* memory, and a scrap of parchment better calculated to do execution than one of Manton's hair-triggered "bull-dogs."

In days of yore, *laudari à laudato viro* was considered the certain "‡ passport to literary fame." But such is the ‖ *curtisy* of the present day that the converse of the proposition is held true; and *vituperari à laudato viro* is reckoned equally efficacious. Do you doubt my word, Sir? Consult the "Catalogue of the Classical Library in Soho Square," p. 59, and under the article "Sallustius, by Havercamp" you will find the following *condemnation*. "Of this celebrated edition of Sallust, Ernesti has spoken in the following

* A parody on a line in Lord Temple's translation of Juvenal, "And make as much *waste paper* as the rest." His lordship at first had written, "as much of waste paper:" but *the minor*, to whom he obligingly submitted the manuscript, assured him *that* would spoil the *rhyme* of the line. His Lordship *stared*, but acquiesced.

† See the account of Sir Francis Burdett's duel with Mister Paull.

‡ Catalogue of the Classical Library, Soho Square, p. 171.

‖ Though this may be all "heathen Greek" (*Vid.* Ben Jonson's Alchymist) to you and your readers, it will be perfectly well understood in Soho Square and Paternoster Row.

HANDSOME manner. "Textus *velut cymba in oceano* ita in notis natat, *oneratque potius* lectorem copia quam adjuvat." That is to say, that a "rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of" notes; or, in less elegant terms, that you must look for the text, amongst the heap of notes as you would for "a needle in a bottle of hay." Look again, Sir, at p. 136, in the account of Plutarch's Moralia, by Wyttenbach: "At tu, doctissime Wyttenbachi," says PORSON *in Medeam*, p. 22, "cujus eruditionem, ingenium, humanitatem suspicio, *utinam paulo majorem curam* in versibus a Plutarcho oratione distinguendis adhibuisses." I am at a loss to discover which part of this note, Mr. Lunn intends should conduct the German professsor to literary fame. Most people, perhaps, would imagine the *gilding* of "doctissime, eruditio, ingenium, and humanitas;" but comparing it with the above precious eulogy on Sallust, I am inclined to think the *bitter pill* of "utinam paulo majorem curam adhibuisses" was designed.

Were these things so in Solomon's days?

QUERY.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

———Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.———

GRAY.

MR. SATIRIST,

AMONG the lucubrations which have contributed to distinguish you "above your fellows," the strictures on re-

male education, which have appeared in "the SATIRIST," hold a very eminent rank. They who have directed their attention to the influence which the female character has on society will be best qualified to appreciate the magnitude of the subject. The importance which a celebrated ancient attached to the fair sex was not perhaps exaggerated. The Romans govern the world, said Cato, but the women govern the Romans. This influence was eminently displayed even under the austere regulations of Greece; and such as have investigated the science of human nature during the progress of civilization, down to the present age, will readily acknowledge, that the same influence does now exist, and will probably endure as long as humanity shall last. This consideration fully establishes the necessity of applying the soundest principles to female education.

In all the controversies which have at various times agitated the republic of letters, on the subject of education, it has never been contended, I believe, that any instruction should be admitted to pass current, which is not purified as much as possible, from the base alloy of immorality. *Abeunt studia in mores*, is a maxim which, as it is founded on universal experience, has never perhaps excited any rational dispute. Indeed, it is a notion which has been long enrolled among the axioms of science. But every argument which enforces this important truth, applies with double weight to the case of female education. When we reflect on the influence of women on society, and consider that (to use the words of their friend Addison) "they are always the best, or the worst part of the world"—it is impossible for us not to wish to purify, while we enlarge their minds; and anxiously to deprecate that exaltation of their genius, which is purchased at the tremendous

price of debasing their hearts. To females, at least, there should be no access to the temple of knowledge, but through the paths of virtue.

To this doctrine, however, the authority of a very great and good man may, unfortunately, be opposed. Among the poems of Grotius is the following epigram.*

Libra an Puellis dandi?

Crede NIHIL nostris, aut OMNIA crede puellis:
Lectricis mores pagina nulla facit.
Quæ casta est, totum leget incorrupta Catullum:
Illi nil tutum, quæ capit, et capitur.

It is much to be lamented, I think, that such a sentiment should have been conveyed in such a form. Had the amiable writer undertaken to discuss this topic, he would doubtless have seen the horrors of the maxim which he has inculcated; or the world, being possessed of the operations of mind by which he came to this conclusion, would have been led to consider the matter, before forming a judgment on the subject. But an epigram is of the most insidious nature; it frequently slips by unheeded, and steals an unconsidered assent. *A jeu d' esprit* will often succeed, where argument would have failed: and four lines are not unfrequently able to demolish a principle, which would have triumphed over the attacks of as many volumes.

The ambiguity of this epigram would almost leave us in doubt whether Grotius advocated the total neglect, or the unrestrained education of females? But the slightest recollection of the author will perhaps decide that question. To immure all womankind within

"The safe high wall of ignorance."

* Grotii Poem. Edit. Lugduni Batav. 1639, p. 298.

is a design which might possibly have found a patron among the Goths and Vandals of old; but the liberal and enlightened mind of Grotius must have abhorred such inhumanity.

But how, then, must we regret the recommendation of indiscriminate reading, which these lines contain! Can we think of throwing open the doors of libraries to females, to let them "wanton where they list," without feeling chilled with horror and apprehension? The policy of every system of instruction has enjoined the removal of immorality, or whatever has a tendency to excite immorality, from the minds of children—

> Nil dictu fœdum, visuque hæc limina tangat,
> Intra quæ puer est. Juv. 14, 44.

The Jews, in particular, were so scrupulous on this point, that they withheld a part even of the sacred scriptures from their youth; refusing the perusal of the Song of Solomon to those under thirty years of age. The *reverentia debita pueris*, which the ancient heathens inculcated, is proverbial. That Grotius should have failed in such a point is indeed lamentable; but the reverence due even to his name should not be allowed to sanction so mischievous a position. Were it possible, I would gladly rescue the memory of so good a man from the imputation of such a doctrine—I should rejoice to remove so offensive a weed from the tomb of departed excellence. *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.*

I remain, Mr. Satirist,

Your very obedient servant,

London 4th, July, 1809. ANGLICANUS.

If any apology can be offered for this sentiment, it may perhaps be found in a forced interpretation of a text of scripture. Saint Paul says,—"Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled." *Epistle to Titus*, c. i. v. 15.

HINTS TO NEWSPAPER-EDITORS.

MESSRS. EDITORS.

To print a paper is one thing,—to sell it, is another,—and I was highly pleased some time ago, with the modesty and ingenuity of one of your brother journalists, at present on a visit to Dorchester, who endeavoured to prove that England could never be free, until *every venal paper* was scouted from coffee-rooms and breakfast-tables, and *his own* substituted as the true, unbiassed, and *independent* vehicle of patriotism!

"'Tis not in mortals to *command* success—"
"But we'll do more."

And certainly this was the boldest attempt of a *whig* ever made with pen and ink, to take the common sense of the public by storm, and was most probably done at the instigation of the *devil*.

As politics are now studied by all, from the senator over his chocolate at the Mount, to the cobler who spells his sunday journal over the refreshing tankard—you must allot the greatest part of your daily sheet to this universal topic; and it is as necessary that you should enlist yourself under the banner of some one party; for should you attempt to appear in the neutral shape of an *impartialist*, you would infallibly be scouted by all, and of course read by none.

Not that I intend you should give up the name—no! you must always give yourself credit for *impartiality*, and by making most noise about it, when you shew it least, you will *astonish*, if you do not *convince*, those few who take the trouble of thinking.

In giving the parliamentary debates, let all the argu-

ment be on your *own* side, if in the minority; if the *other* should have the advantage of numbers, *they* have the less occasion for argument, and the odds are, that you have as little to do with it, when *you* are on the right side.

Some editors may find their advantage in being always with the *ins*, others in supporting the *outs;* and I have been much amused at the dexterity with which some of your brethren can play their political cups and balls;—first we have the cool paragraph—then the paragraph insinuant—next the paragraph declaratory—after this the paragraph inquisitive—then the paragraph adverse—and last of all, the *puff impartial!*

'Hiccius, doxius, whip! pass! and begone.' BRESLAU.

It sometimes happens that the best friends will squabble; that is, when *one* gets in, and wishes to keep the *other* out: in this case you are at liberty to unsay all you have ever said, and to hold up your opponent as a *fool*, or an assassin, or any other *harmless* name, which serves your turn; but should *you* unexpectedly go out, surely no one can call you inconsistent for making up matters with your *old friend.*

Whatever intelligence you have to communicate, you must always be careful to let us know that you foretold it, or that you knew it before any body else, but thought it imprudent to publish it; by asserting this, a few times pretty roundly, you will believe it yourself, and who knows but you may persuade others to believe it too, particularly if you are careful to insert a few innuendoes from time to time, such as, "we *could* or we *would*" and "if it was proper to mention circumstances, we could lay some important intelligence before the public, but as we are not *authorized*," &c.

When you want to fill up, and yet have nothing parti-

cular to say against the ministry——you may apply to that figure in rhetoric by some called the *sneer*, but which approaches nearer to the *snarl;* in this you are to appear half candid, and then to suppose that something may be wrong; this with the addition of a French phrase or two, will shake the heads of half the ale-shops in town, and you will be chronicled as a damned shrewd fellow.

When a secret expedition is in preparation, you must always know its destination yourself, and of course inform your readers—to have the odds in your favour, it may here be proper to mention a dozen objects, but *you* are to find fault with them all: in this you demonstrate your own superior information, and the stupidity of the ministry: and should it answer no other good purpose, will serve at least to put the enemy on their guard—there is something generous in this: an Englishman should never take his opponent by surprise.

As it may happen that your own friends, *if in power*, shall send out an expedition so secret that neither they nor the commanders themselves know where it is bound to, you may venture to praise it for two reasons—first, for its secrecy, as even *you* have not been able to ascertain its destination—and next for the celerity, with which it is sent to sea, before even its destination has been determined on!

After hazarding a few bold assertions, in your own paper, it may happen that they shall be copied by cotemporary journalists—but when they are proved to be false you are at liberty to contradict, *not* what *you*, but what *they* have said; it is impossible that *you* could be wrong. Should they attempt to defend themselves from your accusations, you have an opportunity for a reply, rejoinder, &c.; and give me leave to observe that in a dearth of news, this will serve to fill up a column very prettily, particularly during an adjournment.

Indeed to a daily editor, an adjournment is a species of paralysis;—advertisements will not always come in, and *something* must be done—should you be in a hurry for a column or two, you may refer to some of your old files for a few *accidents*, and though perhaps some people may not chuse to have their gigs upset, or their necks broken twice over, yet by changing the name, a man may fall off his horse, or be robbed on Finchley, without any one's feeling it. When you get hold of a good thing, you must not let it drop easily—a storm at sea has a pretty effect, and if you are careful to excite a sufficient degree of anxiety among the friends of those who are exposed to it, you may live upon *the wreck* for a week,—starving two or three northern counties, and raising a few riots in consequence, will supply your own table with bread, and stopping the pay of a few regiments of local militia, may enable *you* to pay up the arrears of your clamorous workmen.

Though not *patissier*, yet your trade in puffs ought to be a good one, particularly if you are a *manufacturer* yourself; your greatest demand will be during the lottery season, and here indeed you, or your puff manufacturers have arrived at a pitch of perfection, I once thought impossible—indeed you have impressed into your service all that could possibly serve your turn. A general rejoicing or a general mourning, a day of feasting or a day of fasting, the calf with two heads, or the Young Roscius, have alike been used as a kind of *bait*, to lure the unwary reader to his doom, who tripping along quietly until he is half through a paragraph, finds himself plump at a lottery-office, with Bish, Branscomb, or Hodges staring him in the face, like the bug-a-boos which we are told stand up with saucer-eyes and flaming mouths to swallow naughty boys.

After amusing us with a few puffs, the transition to *puns*,

is easy and natural—now it is as plain as the *Sun* at noon day that if a *Traveller* wishes to be known over the *Globe*, he must in these *Times* be the *Herald* of his own fame; but it needs not an *Oracle* to tell any common *Observer*, though undeserving of a *Post*, yet if he would be *chronicled* as a *Craftsman*, he must attend to the *Monitor* in his own breast; let him therefore use *Dispatch*, and take a *Review* of himself: should he prove a *True Briton* and his *Star* be in the ascendant, he cannot fail of becoming a *Mirror of the Times!* These and such like puns may be manufactured by any fool, and may be called the *pun nominal.*

Under the head of *errata*, you have a wide field for subterfuge and tergiversation—however at present your corrections seem principally employed in rectifying *literary* and numerical errors—for instance, we are told that the *maid of all work* who advertised yesterday, is to be found at No. 15 not 45, —or that the young lady who is in want of 20*l.* may be found out by any benevolent elderly gentleman who will ask for A. B. instead of B.C.

These whether *puffs collusive* to catch attention, or *puffs evasive* to avoid the duty, are all fair in the way of trade, but *your* great advantage from errata, is when there may be an *erratum* not only in your paper, but in your opinion; as it thus enables you to deify a man to day, and to bedevil him to-morrow, and more particularly to justify such measures of one party, as were damned when done by the other, or "to bring things to their natural level."

As your hounds must be fed, some with bank notes, some with play-house orders, &c. you will always be able to give a sop to the latter class, by keeping on good terms with the winter houses—and you should always regulate your criticism by the liberality of the manager. If you

are well supplied, you will of course go to the house in great good humour, and will naturally be pleased with every thing; the scenery will be picturesque, brilliant, and well managed, the dresses appropriate—the actors correct—the actresses divine—the house crowded—and the songs encored; but should you unfortunately be obliged to pay for your admission, then indeed you may safely pronounce the whole to be execrable; you may talk of the classic propriety of the Augustan age of British literature—of the fire of Booth—of the chaste acting of Garrick—and you may out-Barry and out-Betterton us, until we acknowledge that theatric acting and *theatric criticism* are *both* at a low ebb indeed at the present day.

As a *fashionable* paper, when a rout is given, you will dazzle us with the brilliancy of the lights, state that they were innumerable, and then tell us *how many* were in each room: to give us a *clear* idea of the splendour of the scene, you must let us know "that *each* apartment was superior to the *other*;" that the rooms overflowed to such a degree that there was no moving, but that the company met with every *elegant accommodation*, and to sum up all, that the ladies were angels, and the hostess a divinity—but a fashionable paper in the *summer*, ought to give us the most precise and correct information from the watering places; not to tell *us* what they are doing, for *that* we shall find out, partly by looking at the bills which our wives and daughters are always kind enough to bring back for our amusement, particularly when they are not defaced by having receipts written on them, but to enable the good folks at these same watering shops to know what they themselves have been doing, and thus to assist them in reflection and self-examination, the only things for which they could possibly have retired into *rustic se-*

clusion—Many additional hints crowd fast on my pen, I must however leave the practical illustrations to some future opportunity.—

Your's,

CROP THE CONJUROR.

A CHARACTER.

WITH haggard look see Cambria's patriot rise,
Rage in his breast, and malice in his eyes;
Whose voice like an o'erloaded piece, in vain
Threatening destruction to the hostile train,
Bursts loud and dreadful to each neighbouring friend
And scatters ruin where it would defend:
Who, grasping in his hand a dæmon's rod,
Disgracing nature and blaspheming God,
With impious foot insulting tries to tread
On his afflicted monarch's aged head!
Vile profligate! who while he seems to feel
For nuptial rights with hypocritic zeal,
Leaves his own spotless helpmate, to decoy
An infant virgin to adulterous joy;
Or the vile strumpet's venal charms pursues
With lust unbridled burning, thro' the stews.
Yet mindful of sedition's higher claims
Makes e'en his lust subservient to his aims,
And the same bribe that buys his venal mate,
Suborns her to accuse the brave and great.

But the dire bolt his arm vindictive sped
Has burst with tenfold vengeance on his head:

For truth's celestial light with ray sublime
Has flash'd discovery on each latent crime;
Justice has torn each flimsy veil away,
And bared his rancour to the blaze of day.
And tho', with front of brass, and heart of steel,
He to an injured country dares appeal
(So will convicted thieves their guilt deny
While their last breath is uttered with a lie)
Tho' such as Burdett, Folkstone, Cobbett, Tooke,
May on their favourite's cause with pity look,
Britain shall bless with reverential awe,
The impartial sentence of insulted law.

Go! baffled miscreant to thy native vales,
Go and disgrace again indignant Wales:
Tho' Snowden on Plinlimmon piled shall spread
Myriads of acres on thy guilty head,
They shall not skreen from after times the fame
Of thine unequalled infamy and shame.

TRANSIT OF THE POLITICAL VENUS.

MR. SATIRIST,

THOUGH originally struck by the *monthly* exhibition of your full face, so much like my own, I have been doubly pleased by your ready notice of my last epistle. By comparing your lucubrations, indeed, with a few incidents in our lunar world, I find there is a greater general similarity between our two planets than I could have imagined. Some of our good folks here—you must not be surprised,

Mr. Satirist, when I speak of *other* good folks, for though *I* am *the Man* in the moon, yet there are many other men here besides myself; just as with you. Some of our good folks here have taken it into their heads, that it would be very proper to make a few discoveries, and having nothing worth discovering, or that they would wish to have discovered respecting themselves, they have determined to find out every thing wrong in the solar system, and to reform it according to their own plan. It is rather unfortunate, however, for our new enquiries, that we have a general complaint here something similar to that affection of the visual ray in your planet, which you call being *moon-eyed;* in short, Sir, nobody here can see beyond their nose; of course, our reformers who wish to extend their views, have been obliged to trust to the theories of three fellows, who, having *longer noses* than the rest, boast that they can see farther than any body else, and of a fourth, who being blessed with a certain obliquity of vision, which you call *swivel-eyed*, pretends that he can see all round him, and even into places where he has never yet been able to thrust his nose.

To extend their observations, these new philosophers determined to join their noses together, as your gay lads drive *tandem*, whilst the gentleman who looks *across* his nose was placed in the shafts of their *political gig*, a situation to which he was accustomed, having before been framed at full length; and having groped about for a long time in the dark, and tumbled over a number of dirty papers, the leader imagined that he had discovered a spot in the *Sun*, which they all swore was owing to a *transit of Venus*.

Some of our lunar folks, not so credulous as the rest, declared that they could see no spot, and that as the observers were evidently in the dark, it was impossible they could

form a fair judgment of the brightness of that luminary; to this, however, the leader answered that he was better acquainted with *Venus* than they imagined, and that he could swear to her spot at any time, as he was accustomed to examine it in the dark, as well as at other opportunities. A second objection was started that *Venus* was now in a different part of her orbit; this however was soon got over, for by altering a few figures in our lady's almanac, it was proved by calculation, though in direct opposition to common observation, that *Venus* was actually between us and the *Sun*. We are all fond of learning a little, Mr. Satirist, whether true or false, of course our gratitude to the discoverer was without bounds, and meetings were called at all the places which your astronomers have traced on my disk, in order to return thanks to the leader for shewing them, what *they could not see*; nay so anxious were they to have a share in the discovery, that even whilst the *Sun* was obscured by the passing clouds, they swore they could see the spot on his face. But, Sir, all systems have their day, and I had scarce time *to turn myself round*, when an accident took place, which shewed that the great leader of the political team had thrust his long nose between Venus and the Sun, and that the spot was nothing more than the shadow of his own noddle. An error in the *original* calculation led to this unfortunate developement, and his *Best* assistant, whilst endeavouring to erase a few of the mistakes, made such confounded blotches, that in clearing it up, the whole process soon appeared to have been founded on false premises, and to have produced nothing but false conclusions.

A general meeting of all our wise folks has therefore been called, and in imitation of many of your wise politicians, who are as well qualified for that seat as *I am*, *I* was

called to the chair, when the following resolutions were unanimously carried.

Resolved, that we shall from henceforward, never thank nobody for nothing, until we are certain we have got something.

Resolved, that as our thanks were of little value, we shall not take them back again; but that in order to prevent deceptions in future, we shall now *unthank* all our political astronomers, and they are hereby *unthanked accordingly*.

Resolved, that we shall buy no more *Welsh* flannel from the pedlar who advised us to lay aside our *Welsh wigs* for the sake of economy.

Resolved, that we shall deal no more in political syllogisms, neither with the *major* nor the *minor*, but hope our politicians will *hang together* in the *conclusion*.

Resolved, that our present constitution is so good as to render quacks needless; that our present habitations are water proof, and require no hasty repairs; that our firesides are comfortable, and the grates so well fitted that the introduction of *Political Registers* would only make our insurances doubly hazardous.

Resolved, that the thanks of the meeting be given to our chairman, and to the *Clarke* and that resolutions shall be published in the *Sun* and the *Mercury*, and the *Star*.

Signed,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

COLONEL WARDLE.

How different are our sensations to those of the venal herd who once *be-godded* and have now been compelled to

abandon this redoubted patriot. It has ever been *our* pride and ambition to stem the torrent of popular prejudice. When a desperate faction endeavoured to excite the popular clamor against the gallant Wellesley, and to tear his hard-learned laurels from his brow, instead of courting the patronage of the public by humouring their passions, we, conscious of its justice, supported the cause of the calumniated hero. Truth ultimately prevailed, and although we suffered considerably by the contest, we shared the glory of the triumph, for even our enemies *virtually* acknowledged the integrity of our motives; and when a horde of base conspirators would have consigned to infamy our monarch's son, and actually succeeded so far in deluding the people into a belief of his guilt, that those who attempted to defend him incurred the danger of sharing his unmerited disgrace.—When the prostituted press, more anxious to promote private emolument than public justice, flattered and fed the prejudices of the frantic multitude, The SATIRIST, (*well knowing the characters and objects of the accusers*) undauntedly stood forward in defence of the accused.—For *this* conduct *we* have been designated "*Hirelings*," "*Ministerial Tools*," and "*Public Robbers*;" for this we were deserted by *several hundreds* of our former friends; and while we were accused of accepting bribes to support corruption, we actually suffered most severely in the cause of loyalty, integrity, and justice.*

We defended his Royal Highness the Duke of York contrary to our own individual interests, because *we knew*

* Innumerable letters were sent to our office, stating that as it was evident we had been bribed to defend the Duke of York, the writers declined taking in the SATIRIST any longer. Such is the folly of mankind!

that he was wrongfully accused. We *knew* that the most infamous means had been adopted by his enemies to procure evidence against him. We *knew* that great part of Mrs. Clarke's statement in the House of Commons was untrue. We *knew* that she had been *suborned* by a set of unprincipled miscreants, who were actuated by the most diabolical motives, and as far as we could with prudence, we declared our knowledge of these circumstances: but the public prejudice was not then to be overcome.—"The words of the IMPOSTOR were believed, and the people listened not to the voice of truth."

The epistle which Gwillim Lloyd Wardle has addressed to the people of the united kingdom was precisely such as *we* should have wished him to write. For our sentiments with respect to his conduct correspond exactly with those which are expressed in the following letter.

Behold he travaileth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief and brought forth falsehood. He made a pit and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate.

vii Psalm, 14, 15, 16 verses—

MR. SATIRIST,

The inspired writings, while they furnish the rule of our faith, and a standard by which to try the purity of our morals, also abound with many lively traits of real life, which at once prove the wisdom of the sacred writers, and that human nature, in its substantial features, continues unaffected by the lapse of time or the variation of circumstances. Notwithstanding the early period of the world at which the greatest part of the holy volume was put into the hands of mortals, to be the guide of their conduct, and the great alteration which has since taken place in the external manners and customs of society, we still find that, as a book of reference to illustrate the passing occurrences of the day, the Bible is infinitely more useful than any other work of similar

extent, and that in this point of view, it forms a treasure to the man of the world, independent of the higher value which the christian attaches to it as containing the revealed will of his creator. How striking, for example, how apt, and, at the same time, how spirited a sketch does the motto to this letter afford, of the rise, progress and result of the recent detestable proceedings in which that *weak* man, Gwillim Lloyd Wardle, acted the most conspicuous, if not the principal part. He and his co-adjutors *travailed with iniquity*, and *conceived mischief*; they afterwards *brought forth falsehood*; they *made a pit and digged it*; and, in the end, they *have fallen into the ditch which they made*. Their *mischiefs have returned upon their own heads*, and their *violent dealings have come down upon their own pates!* So correct, in every particular, is the description of the Psalmist, it would almost seem that to the spirit of the sacred *poet*, he had added that of the *prophet*, and in the verses quoted, particularly alluded to the events in question.

The late trial, in which Mr. Wardle appeared in the new but appropriate capacity of *Defendant*, is calculated, as Cobbett expresses it, *to work its own way:* its features speak its character, and if a powerful remedy were wanted to restore the deluded part of the public to the right use of their senses, such a one has been at length, providentially furnished. How fortunate it is, Sir, for the *honest* part of the community, that the private quarrels of *rogues** should so frequently lead to the detection of their iniquities, and that, by endeavouring to cheat each other, they discover their common frauds. Paull and Burdett, as you may remember, were at one time sworn friends. Each beheld in the other the man of ten thousand,—the *virtuous patriot*, who regarded profligacy of every description with abhorrence. The *Political Register* bore its *impartial* testimony in behalf of both; —while the ministers, and the clergy, were represented to be persons of the most depraved principles and conduct,

* Our correspondent by no means includes Mr. Wright in this allusion; he and *we* know *him* to be an honest man.

the people were exhorted to repose with slumbering confidence on Paull and Burdett;—they were like a brace of *Lots* in the midst of a *Gomorrah!* Soon, however, the personal interests of these worthies clashed;—and what was the consequence? Alas, they became animated by a mutual and bitter animosity; they met in the field, and were each severely wounded.—An affair of this description always terminates the expressed hostility of *gentlemen*, but the *patriotic friends* still continued to exchange the most virulent reproaches and accusations. Finally the upright denouncer of the Marquis of Wellesley, having reduced himself to beggary at a gambling house, *put the knife to his throat*, and terminated the career of a REFORMER by the death of a SUICIDE! ——Such, Mr. Satirist, are the men on whose testimony we are called upon to believe that every officer of the state, without exception, is a scoundrel worthy of the gallows; and that individuals whose private deportment is of the most exemplary description, whose fair fame has only been sullied by the breath of *scandal*, are in their public capacity systematic plunderers and extortioners, and that too for a consideration of the most paltry nature!!!

That those of my countrymen, who with fair intentions and sincere motives have been misled by Mr. Wardle's false statements, who have given credit to his impudent pretensions, and done honour to a character to which, as I can prove, suspicion has long attached;—that these may now blush at their credulity, and acquire caution from experience, permit me, through the medium of your work, to submit to them a few plain facts, some connected with the late trial, and all of notorious truth.

It appears, that Mr. Wardle and Mrs. Clarke have *quarrelled*. Mrs. Clarke *now* gives her *evidence* AGAINST Mr. Wardle; and Mr. Wardle *now* insists that Mrs. Clarke's evidence is NOT TO BELIEVED. He accuses her in the public prints of *perjury!* and complains that a jury should have given a verdict against him *on the testimony of so infamous a witness.*

It appears that a jury in the Court of King's Bench, have,

by a verdict which was sanctioned by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, declared their opinion that Mr. Wardle induced a tradesman to furnish goods to Mrs. Clarke, by taking the debt on himself; that when the day of payment came he denied his promises; in short, that he endeavoured to save his *purse* by a forfeiture of his *word.*

It appears that Mrs. Clarke has solemnly sworn, in a public court of justice, that Mr. Wardle undertook, *if she would give evidence against the Duke of York, to furnish her house for her, when her tradesmen had refused her credit, and she was utterly destitute of money, and that he actually gave her numerous other bribes.* A respectable tradesmen swears that Mr. Wardle became bound to him to pay for the articles of furniture, therefore, if we disbelieve the consideration which the lady alleges, we must attribute to her *charms* the gentleman's *generosity*; in which case what will become of our reformer's *virtue*, which he so boldly vindicated at the *reformer's* dinner?

There are, Sir, two lights, in which Mrs. Clarke's evidence given at the late trial, may be viewed. It may be deemed *true*, or it may be set down as *false.* Let us see what consequences result from it, when considered each way.—If this woman is to be believed, when answering on her solemn oath,—(which cannot with a good grace be denied by those who held her simple word against the Duke of York deserving the most implicit credence,)—if her testimony is to be accepted, when she answered with the pains and penalties of perjury hanging over her head, then does it follow that Mr. Wardle, the virtuous arraigner of profligacy, and intrepid denouncer of vice, has been guilty of the meanest falsehoods, and the foulest *subornation.* Yes, Mr. Satirist, the man to whose *fearless integrity*, and *manly honesty* our counties, towns, and corporations, have been doing homage; to whom they have been voting thanks, and presenting gold boxes for his *upright conduct*; whom the patriots of the city complimented with a *dinner*, as the highest testimony of civic approbation; whom the whig club, desirous of possessing *such* a member, actually *kidnapped* into their corps;—this very man, it now appears, is dead to

every spark of honour and every principle of justice. If Mrs. Clarke has sworn the truth, (and her testimony is fully corroborated and confirmed by the oath of a respectable individual,) then did that notorious *reformer* Colonel Wardle induce a tradesman to furnish in the most sumptuous and expensive manner, the house of his suborned witness, with whom he kept daily and almost constant company, by undertaking to pay for the articles supplied, and afterwards meanly endeavour to deny his engagement: to cheat the former out of his property, and to leave the latter to defray an heavy expence, from which, *when she was necessary to the attainment of his purposes*, he promised to exonerate her. This, Sir, is the *liberal*, and *gentlemanly* conduct of him who so loudly reproached what he indecorously termed, the *shabby* behaviour of the Duke of York to his mistress.

Again, if we are *now* to believe Mrs. Clarke, it appears that the testimony which she formerly gave at the bar of the House of Commons, *was given under the immediate influence of a bribe.* She stated that when she was in a situation of much embarrassment; when she had just taken an house which the upholsterer refused to furnish but for ready money; and when, as she expressed it, she *had not a guinea in the world;* then did Mr. Wardle, like the *good Samaritan*, come kindly forward, offering to supply *all her wants,—provided she would bear testimony against the Duke of York.* Of this detestable bargain, Cobbett, with his usual effrontery observes "That he (Mr. W.) was *right* in giving her either goods or money, in order to get her to divulge the SECRETS she possessed, *there can be no doubt.*"——That is to say, Sir, Mr. Wardle did *right*, when he offered a *needy* and *infuriated* woman a very large bribe, to disclose SECRETS against a person whose confidence she had formerly enjoyed. The secrets, it is to be observed, were to be *against* the Duke, otherwise the *Turkish carpets*, the *Grecian couches*, the *magnificent writing desks*, and *superb mirrors*, were to remain in Mr. Wright's shop. They were to be SECRETS too; matters which no one knew of; the *existence* of which no one could speak to but Mrs. Clarke: which it

is evident, might therefore as well have been *fabrications* as *facts*. Such conduct, says Cobbett, was *right*, it was *honourable*, and likely to further the ends of *justice!* The law, however, acknowledges a very different principle; it tells us that bribing witnesses is a criminal act, and that testimony given under the *influence of a bribe*, is to be considered as false, and to be discarded from attention accordingly: nay, I am much mistaken, if such an agreement between a prosecutor and a witness as that entered into between Mr. Wardle and Mrs. Clarke, does not expose both parties to an indictment for a *conspiracy*.—The people of England, too, I feel confident, will differ from the shameless writer of the Political Register. They will consider the offer made by Mr. Wardle as an infamous one, which no honest man actuated by honest motives would have made. They will regard Mrs. Clarke's evidence against the late commander in chief as *purchased*, and, according to the usual custom in such cases, *fabricated* with a view to the *taste of the purchaser*. They will, therefore, disregard the whole of it; and banish it entirely from their attention when considering the case of his Royal Highness. Having thus made up their minds to discredit the principal witness against him, and believing his accuser to be actuated by base motives, and consequently likely to have recourse to base expedients to gain his purpose, they will be led to conclude that they have been too hasty in forming their opinions; that they have condemned the son of their monarch as a *criminal*, when a censure on his *imprudence* would at once have spared the feelings of an aged father and have satisfied the full demand of justice.

If we take the other side, and suppose Mrs. Clarke to have *perjured* herself on the late trial, what are we to think of those who defended the *veracity* of this woman, when, on her *bare word*, crimes were alleged against a Prince of the Blood, which he on his honour, and in the most solemn manner, denied! What are we to think of Mr. Whitbread, and the other *honourable* defenders of this *perjured witness*, who represented her to the world as hardly and unfairly dealt by, because his Majesty's attorney

general took the extraordinary liberty of cross examining her with unusual strictness. If, when put on her oath, when her falsehood was liable to be severely punished, she at all hazards violated the truth, what candid man but will believe her fully capable of inventing from motives of interest or revenge, the stories she told against the late Commander in chief?—Mr. Wardle now complains that on the testimony of *such a woman*, a jury should give a verdict against him!—What apology, then, can he offer for his own conduct in bringing forward heavy accusations against the son of his sovereign, on no better authority than the word of this very person? How can he and his friends justify the virulent reproaches they have heaped on the majority of the House of Commons, for disbelieving this person?—In short, Mr. Satirist, which ever way Mrs. Clarke's late evidence is considered, it reflects indelible infamy on Mr. Wardle, and must rescue every honest man in the kingdom, however weak he may be, from the artifices of the GANG.

The readiness with which the unthinking part of the public joined in an outcry, raised to serve the private ends of a few desperate villains, is highly disgraceful to them; but reflecting and dispassionate men have been all along well aware of the true state of the case. What, however, could these do? Their neighbours were infected with a *mania*, and to endeavour to restore them to their senses was but to encrease their *delirium*. Of all the deceptions which have ever been practised on this hot-brained nation, from the *Cock-lane Ghost* down to the *Revelations of Joanna Southcot*, the one which has been got up by *Wardle, Dodd, Cobbett, M'Callum*, and Co. is certainly, the completest. Why, Sir, our mayors, corporations, landed gentry, &c., have, in all due form, been complimenting *the honesty*, and *integrity* of a gang of the most worthless miscreants that infest the kingdom.—That the Duke of York was the victim of a foul CONSPIRACY, has been from the first asserted by you and by all those who were the best informed on the subject, and the truth of those assertions has now become apparent.—Notwithstanding the effrontery with which Mr. Wardle denied his con-

nection with the vile characters who were known to be at the bottom of his accusations, it is now made manifest that he was leagued in the closest union with them. M'Callum, *a libellous scribbler*, and the associate of Andrews the swindler, it appears, was the person who introduced him to Mrs. Clarke. His *inspection jaunt* to the Martello Towers, with that lady, was performed in company with Major Dodd, who then was, and, I believe still is, the friend and daily visitor of the NOTORIOUS *Hague*. This last mentioned ruffian boasts publicly that *he is the cause of all that has happened.* In this respect, however, he has a formidable rival in JEW KING, who even points to the *stool* in his study, where the *worthy patriot* sat, and imbibed lessons for his future conduct. That Hague and King are, without exception, the most odious characters within the boundaries of the British empire, will be readily and unanimously acknowledged; and be it now known to all, that Mr. Wardle shares, with some other distinguished *foes to corruption*, the *honour* of their intimacy.

I am, Mr. Satirist,

Yours, &c.

THE HOOK AND THE SAINTS,

WITH AN ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC

METHODIST PLAY-BILL.

To him that hath taken the scourge of scorpions into his hand, whose words are bitter even as the waters of bitterness, and the fire of whose wrath there is no abiding, yea, unto thee O SATIRIST, I say, let me have joy of thee in the Lord: refresh my bowels in the Lord. The voice of the scorner is gone forth: the wicked one hath spoken

evil of the saints: he hath mocked them with cruel mockery, and shall he not be abashed? Yea, even do thou rise up against him, my brother, in the mightiness of thy strength, for thou lovest the saints: let thy words pierce unto the marrow of his bones: be thou unto him as burning coals upon the crown of his head! Let him be boiled and coddled as in a pot of flaming sulphur, that our pious sisters may rejoice; do thou apply the spark to light up the flame; there will be no lack of *brimstone*.

Behold I speak of things to come, as having foreknowledge through faith. In the pride of his youth have they raised his horn, in the pride of his strength hath he exalted himself. But a sister, a *holy* sister hath marked him, and she shall bring him low. She shall cast him into that bottomless pit, where strange fires shall consume him, and whence the god* of the heathen whom he serveth, whose place it was to conduct souls to hell, shall not redeem him.

Verily my soul is weighed down with heaviness; and my heart seemeth sunk into my nether garment. The playhouse is Satan's gala-room, and shall the saints be dragged thither to cut capers, and make sport for the Philistines? The scoffer hath said "Killing is no Murder:" we are all agreed, that it would be no murder to kill him. But the men of flesh might think otherwise: they have so long been in the habit of hanging up the saints, that of late they have hanged scarcely any body else: so that we have a natural hatred, even as it were a family feud, against a halter. Else the remedy were in our own hands; and from long practice we should know how to administer it effectually. But we have faith to be changed after death

* Our correspondent must mean MERCURY; but the allusion appears very equivocal.—SATIRIST.

from what we now are, and are unwilling therefore to remain hanged up as carrion for crows to peck at.

O how sorely it afflicteth our dear people, yea their inwards are troubled even as with julep or with salts, to think that the name of this wicked one should be called THEODORE! For THEODORE, as the learned say, is by interpretation '*the gift of God*,' and surely he is the *gift of the devil*, therefore should his name be DAIMODORE. Moreover he hath another name, which is EDWARD, which also is by interpretation "grace and modesty;" but alas! he is a graceless imp, and modesty he knoweth not even by sight; so that though our saintly sisters should take him in hand, he would not be a whit the wiser. Rightly, however, is he called HOOK; for verily he is the devil's *hook*, with which he, standing on the stage, bobs for poor unhappy *maids* and *soles** in the lake of uncleanness, baiting his *hook* with a wriggling farce. But the day will come, when the point of this *hook* shall be broken, and the barb shall be blunted; and then will the devil throw the *hook* aside amongst the rest of his rusty iron, till he shall please to put the *hook* again into his furnace, and hammer the *hook* into a hobnail, to be trodden under foot by the saints:—and from this shall he not escape by *hook* or by crook!

After all our labour and sore travail to get *him* appointed the king's chamberlain and master of the revels, *him*, of whom it may be justly said, that he is a lord among saints and a saint among lords; after we had prevailed upon our gracious and all-powerful master to bestow omnipresence upon another of our worthy brothers, so that he might be

* How new and ingenious are these saintly puns! And yet it must be owned that though they do not savour of the *flesh*, they certainly smell of the *fish*.

Note *en passant* by SAT.

five or six *places* at once, and thereby might overlook those *works* of the devil, which the sinful call *plays*, and likewise rob the sons of Mammon yearly of four hundred pounds, for the better maintenance of babes of grace; after a fair chapel, a sweet nursery of saints had grown out of the profits, like a mushroom out of dung; after the fair prospect that we had, when the two chief temples of iniquity were destroyed by fire, which the ungodly attributed to accident, but which we could account for in a more natural way; after the fair prospect that we had, I say, of erecting in their place two sweet temples of Zion, where, instead of operas, we might have sung our hymns, and instead of comedies and farces, made up of sentimental love and stuff, we might have held our LOVE FEASTS—after all these toils and all these hopes, is our light to be extinguished at once, and to go out in a stink? Shall not the stage be *methodized*, as the lobbies of the stage are *methodized*? where bands of our holy sisters, whom with much care we have trained in the way they should go, nightly labour to draw the sinful aside into the paths of *saintly* love and communion. Shall not this thing be done? Then wherefore have we a methodist chamberlain, and wherefore have we a methodist licenser? Can you tell me, Mr. Satirist? No, certainly. But we have plays of our own, and let them who doubt it, read our play-bill. I send you a *printed* one; and you may reprint it without fear of action for infringement of copyright. They are sold at two-pence a piece at the doors of *our theatres*, with a liberal allowance to those who buy a quantity.

By Command of the KING of KINGS, *

And at the Desire of ALL who Love his APPEARING.

At the THEATRE of the UNIVERSE,

ON THE EVE OF TIME WILL BE PERFORMED,

THE GREAT ASSIZE,

OR, DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THE SCENERY, which is now actually preparing, will not only surpass every thing that has yet been seen, but will infinitely exceed the utmost stretch of human conception. There will be a just Representation of all the Inhabitants of the World, in their various and proper Colours; and their Customs and Manners will be so exact, and so minutely delineated, that the most secret Thought will be discovered.

This THEATRE will be laid out after a new Plan, and will consist of PIT and GALLERY only; and, contrary to all others, the GALLERY is fitted up for the reception of People of high (or heavenly) Birth, and the PIT for those of low (or earthly) Rank.—N. B. The GALLERY is very spacious, and the PIT without bottom.

To prevent inconvenience, there are separate Doors for admitting the Company; and they are so different, that none can mistake that are not wilfully blind. The Door which opens into the GALLERY is very narrow, and the Steps up to it are

* The Satirist has omitted all the scriptural quotations and references in this infamous production, which, though the saints have not scrupled to introduce them in their *play-bill*, he considered infinitely too profane to sully his pages. Not the slightest alteration, however, has been made in any other respect; and he has purposely retained the printer's name, &c. that the curious may know where to procure this blasphemous paper; and the public be satisfied how much blacker is the infamy of these insolent hypocrites, than it ever has been painted by the SATIRIST.—The original bill is in the editor's hands.

somewhat difficult; for which reason there are seldom many People about it. But the Door that gives entrance into the PIT is very wide, and very commodious; which causes such numbers to flock to it, that it is generally crowded.—N. B. The strait Door leads towards the Right-hand, and the broad one to the Left.

It will be in vain for one in a tinseled Coat and borrowed Language, to personate one of high Birth, in order to get Admittance into the upper Places, for there is ONE of a wonderful and deep Penetration, who will search and examine every Individual, and all who cannot pronounce *Shibboleth*, in the Language of *Canaan*, or *has* not received a white Stone and new Name, or cannot prove a clear Title to a certain Portion of the Land of Promise, must be turned in at the Left-hand Door.

THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS,

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Act First of this Grand and Solemn Piece,

Will be Opened by an ARCH-ANGEL, with the TRUMP of God:

ACT SECOND,

Will be a Procession of SAINTS in White, with Golden Harps, accompanied with Shouts of Joy and Songs of Praise.

ACT THIRD,

Will be an *Assemblage* of all the *Unregenerate.* The Music will consist chiefly of Cries; accompanied with Weeping, Wailing, Mourning, Lamentation, and Woe.

To Conclude with an ORATION by the

SON OF GOD.

TICKETS for the PIT, at the easy purchase of following the vain Pomps and Vanities of the fashionable World, and the Desires and Amusements of the Flesh: to be had at every *Flesh-pleasing* Assembly.

TICKETS for the GALLERY, at no less Rate than being Converted, Forsaking all, Denying self, taking up the Cross, and following Christ in Regeneration: to be had no where but in the Word of God, and where that Word appoints.

N. B. No Money will be taken at the Door, nor will any Tickets give Admittance into the GALLERY, but those sealed by the Holy Ghost, with Immanuel's Signet.

Printed and Sold by J. MANN, 36, Commercial Road.

Who will venture, after perusing this, to say that a methodist is not the fittest person in the world to be appointed a licenser of plays, since a methodist knows so well how to draw up a play-bill. And let not the unthinking worldling vainly imagine, that any of the dear people are abashed at the name of *methodist*. They consider it as their boast, aye, as their proudest title; as the mark that sets them apart from the unregenerate: even as he that hath been exalted above his fellows, (which they that mock call standing in the pillory,) considers the time of that exaltation the *proudest hour of his life!* But I will say no more at present, having a pair of long stays in hand for a pious sister, whose waist the Lord hath lately pleased to bless with increase, and who wisheth to preserve her shape because of uncharitable talkers, that might raise idle fancies in the brain of the young man that is betrothed to her. I promised to do her job for her to-night, and there is a great deal to do yet. Else would I have laid THE HOOK bare to the sight, so that it should not deceive a single gudgeon. But thou wilt not spare him, O Satirist. Thou wilt teach him to attempt miracles. Thou wilt cure him of bringing forward a methodist lord and a methodist licenser to make people laugh, who never yet made any person laugh in all their lives.

Farewell—thine to serve,
in the house-top,
HOPEFUL GOODMEASURE, P. S.

July 22, 1809.
Long Pudding-lane, Ponder's End.

P. S. As you may wonder what P. S. means, it is right fitting you should know it means Preacher and Staymaker.

THEATRICAL NEWSPAPER-CRITICISM,

MOST EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. SATIRIST,

The following most extraordinary critical morceau, from a Sunday paper of the 16th, induced me to examine the theatrical criticisms of the month, in order to ascertain how far they fulfil the assertion of this puff *journaliere*, and to offer to you a fair sample of these "explainers of the public taste."

"The dramatists of the day have more obligations to newspapers, than they choose to acknowledge—they are not only the fairest and usually the most judicious, but indeed are the only critics who condescend to be particular. The audience frown and assign no reason, and sometimes even condemn altogether, and the author cannot collect wherefore; here the newspapers come to his aid—they follow and explain the public taste, &c. &c. &c." *Bell's Weekly Messenger.* Now, Sir, let any man, *who can*, "explain the public taste" by the "aid of these fairest and usually the most judicious" critics.

Morning Herald, July 10th. Foundling of the Forest, "The incidents throughout the piece appeared to us interesting in a high degree, and seemed to fix the attention of the audience. The situations are striking and full of effect. The sentiment throughout was pleasing and calculated to heighten and improve the effect of the different situations in the piece. *With regard to the language it had the merit of elegance and correctness, and many of the author's points were turned with neatness and effect*—was received throughout with great applause, which was only interrupted, as we have observed, with a few marks of disap-

probation; the causes of which, the author will most probably perceive and remove on a second representation."

Morning Post. "Though it can boast little either in plot or character, that is strikingly original, it is far from being destitute of merit. The fable is romantic, but highly interesting—the play is generally serious. An attempt has been made to enliven it with a few comic scenes, but in these, though their effect is good, the author has not been eminently successful."

Sun. "The fable is in general interesting, and in some parts takes a strong hold of the affections. There are, however, some incidents that exceed the bounds of that terror, which according to the decision of the *best critics,* * is one of the legitimate sources of dramatic sympathy. Hence pity is lost in horror, and the mind revolts from what is too dreadful to awaken sympathy. But the effect was so strong on the feelings as to shew in the author a powerful command over the passions.—We advise the author to exscind much of the comic part of his drama, as he is by no means so successful in his humourous efforts, as in those of the grave and terrific description."

Morning Chronicle. "The story is a tale of horror *in the style of the German romances, founded on the mysteries of* the secret tribunals—The reader of German romances will easily perceive that there is nothing novel in these expedients, but the story affords an opportunity for much inflated language, and impassioned action—it would be no difficult matter to point out absurdities in the conduct of the piece. But it would be useless to bring this species of composition to the test of nature, a test which it entirely disclaims."

And now, Sir, for the so pompously ushered in criticism of the *Weekly Messenger.* "These remarks are compiled

* Quere. Newspaper-critics?

from the wretched dialogue of this piece. Florian is in every sense of the word, a buffoon—he puns most abominably—is merely absurd—and without even drollery—he has no resemblance to the polished nobleman—the language when it rises, is inane to a degree—the worst specimens of style are to be found in our modern comedies, and the *Foundling* is as bad as any. The piece hitting the general feeling was well received; and the interest of the fable covered every defect of style, and error of taste."

This *last* passage, I presume, is what we are to consider as "explaining the public taste."

Your's,

MULTI CRIT.

COBBETT'S OPPRESSION,

AND THE PURITY OF REFORMERS.

IN the 19th Number of the Satirist, page 375, we stated that WILLIAM COBBETT had been guilty of the foulest oppression towards the mother and brother of a poor boy who was obliged to fly from his service and CRUELTY. On Thursday the 20th of July 1809, the OPPRESSOR was fully convicted of this atrocious act by a jury of his countrymen; and our readers will find, on perusing the proceedings on this interesting trial,* that our statement of the case was perfectly correct; even to the blasphemous and unmanly oaths which the miscreant made use of on the occasion.—What a fine practical illustra-

* Published by Gillet, 7, Crown-court, Fleet-street.

tion has this man now given us of his definition of a REFORMER!!! whom he has described, in the first volume of his *Pol. Reg.*, page 795, as a wretch who wishes the sovereignty to be checked, that he may *insult* and OPPRESS the people!!!—Who that had not heard of his infamous charges against Mr. Swanwick, or of his court-martial, or of his having written in 1791, the *Soldier's Friend*, or of his having drunk *destruction to the House of Brunswick!* who that had not heard of these villanous acts which he had previously committed, would have believed it possible that the man, who in 1802 thus accurately described the views of *all* reformers;—who told us that their "stalking horse was *reform*, but their *real* object the *overthrow of the monarchy*;" who declared that he would rather associate with a convicted felon than a *reformer*, should himself become one of the loudest and most unprincipled advocates for *parliamentary reformation* that ever sought to overthrow our glorious constitution, and, consequently, the most tyrannical of OPPRESSORS!!! This cruelty towards poor *Burgess* is not the only act of oppression of which he has been guilty. Every poor man in the parish of Botley trembles at the name of this village tyrant: who has even violated the narrow field allotted to the humble cottager, and *forcibly* carried away that soil which was destined to produce subsistence for an hungry family!!!—This also is a case worthy the humane attention of Mr. Gunner, who so ably conducted the cause of poor, insulted BURGESS.

We are convinced that even the ignorant and the prejudiced will now justly appreciate the character of this odious apostate. Now, therefore, let us see how far some other *self-yclept* "Defenders of the People's *rights*," are entitled to our confidence.

Mr. WARDLE's *claim* has been fully discussed in a for-

mer page of our present number—*he* has been *proved* guilty of falsehood and *subornation.*

With regard to Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, we shall only call the attention of our countrymen, and particularly of the freeholders of Middlesex, who have recently thanked him for his *patriotic* and *upright* conduct, to the following extract from the *Times Newspaper* of December 24, 1804:

"At a very numerous and respectable MEETING of FREEHOLDERS of the COUNTY of MIDDLESEX held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, the 19th day of December, 1804,

HENRY THORNTON, Esq. M. P. in the Chair.

Resolved, That the finding of thirty Bills of Indictment for *perjury*, by Grand Juries, against persons who voted for Sir Francis Burdett, at the last Middlesex Election, and more particularly the evidence on which two of those persons have been convicted, afford judicial proof of a most nefarious attempt to procure the return of Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, by means of SYSTEMATIC CORRUPTION and PERJURY!!!

(Signed) HENRY THORNTON, Chairman.

We shall now present our readers with the late Lord Kenyon's opinion as to the purity and RESPECTABILITY of the *City Demagogue.*

Extract from the *Times* of July 6, 1793.

"The first witness called to justify the libel, (in an action brought by *Stampford* against *Bristow*, *Waithman*'s partner) was Mr. Waithman, who by his evidence *endeavoured* to shew that the plaintiff *misconducted* himself so long back as October, when Mr. Law *produced a letter* written by him (*Waithman,*) dated *January* 1, 1798, in which he declared that the plaintiff had been guilty of *no* serious indiscretions that were not common to all other young men."

LORD KENYON, in an admirable summing up to the jury, told them this was a very serious case. His lordship made some *strong observations* on the witnesses for the defendant, PARTICULARLY MR. WAITHMAN. His lordship said, after what he had HEARD HIM SWEAR *that day*, he was *a man on whose testimony he did not choose to pin his faith.*"

Verdict, contrary to *Waithman*'s evidence. Damages, 750l.

Thus it appears that of the four patriot *reformers* here mentioned—the first is a *false witness* and a *false accuser*, who has been convicted of OPPRESSING THE POOR—the second, a false accuser and a *suborner*—the third, * * * * * *, see *again* our first extract from the *Times*—and the fourth a man, whose *oath* Lord Kenyon, and a jury of his countrymen, *refused to believe!!!*

No comments are required—Englishmen, open your eyes.

SIR RICHARD,

OR

THE DISAPPOINTED ALCHYMIST.

A FRAGMENT OF BIOGRAPHY, FROM AN INTENDED SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

Auri sacra fames.

* * * * * * * * * His diet was spare and temperate: like the philosophers of old time he lived on roots and herbs, and the fumes of grosser aliment never disturbed the sublimity of his cogitations. And this he did not from choice but from principle: for he was of that sect of philosophers, who deem the life of every creature that walks, or flies, or swims, or crawls sacred, and upon no account to be taken away, either for private necessity or public

advantage: so that he could never see a dog, or a thief hanged but his own neck would ache in sympathy. Those unhappy little creatures, whom the world seems ever striving to get, as it were, under its thumb, found with him an hospitable asylum, where they feasted at his charge, safe from the horrors of the terrific comb, and the pestiferous touch of Mercury. Tender, benevolent Pythagorean! Soul of sensibility! Brightest star of chivalry! In evil hour didst thou listen to the voice of the dæmon of alchymy! Alas *poor, poor* Sir Richard!

But to our tale: Sir Richard was very conversant with books; of which he had great store, that were his own: but these were of such a nature that he profited little by them; but derived his gain entirely from the works of other people, which he would borrow, and, culling out their best parts with intuitive sagacity, convert them to his own use with singular dexterity. At what time he first began to apply his mind to the study of chemistry is not exactly ascertained: but there is reason to believe that he was, at a very early period, strongly influenced by a passion for the discovery of the art of making gold. It is said that he once made some bold experiments upon the properties of fire, as to its power of producing this precious metal: but it is imagined that the experiments were rather dangerous, as he did not chuse to repeat them.

But though Sir Richard was so intimate with books, there is no reason to think that this passion for making gold led him to consult either the works of the Arabian chymists, or those of Albertus Magnus, or the philosophers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: he might have borrowed a few hints, indeed, from those skilful and experimental philosophers, whom the prejudiced unilluminated part of society has thought fit to designate by very unworthy and opprobrious appellations; but the strong tendency of his own genius to the mysteries of the

black art, as the vulgar call it, required little external impulse or aid from study: he inherited from nature a most acute sense of the value of gold, and an intuitive perception of the easiest mode of obtaining it. It is in science as in morals: while the generality of people arrive only by slow progression at the extreme of vice, some appear to be perfect knaves from their birth.

It is probable, therefore, that Sir Richard might have succeeded, by some means or other, in his projects, if his experiments had not been so extremely bold and daring. But even his skill could not provide against every accident; and his mischance may serve as a warning to others. For this purpose we shall relate the case plainly; stating facts merely without ornament, as better adapted to general use. Others, indeed, in recounting the exploits of Sir Richard, have alluded to the circumstance very poetically in a prettily conceited metaphor. "Sir Richard," say they, "beheld a goodly PARK, well stocked, and bearing good produce; he thought to make it his own, he waved his wand over it to enclose it within his circle, and instantly all its fruits were BLIGH-ted, and it yielded him only wormwood and thistles."

But poetry is out of place on such occasions; therefore, proceed we with our tale. And here it is necessary to premise, however sceptical some people may be on the nature or possibility of such intercourse, that Sir Richard had constant recourse to the devil, when he undertook any new work. Whether the devil was subservient to him, or he to the devil, it is of no importance to enquire: from the good understanding that subsisted between them, it is most natural to suppose that in serving each other, they served their own turns at the same time. At a period when his passion for the charms of alchymy was at its height, he happened to discover in a certain *Park* a substance which for reasons, very satisfactory to himself, he instantly conceived to possess all the elementary properties of gold; and that by a very simple process it might be elaborated into that metal. Without hesitation, therefore, he appropriated the substance, and, assisted by his friend the devil, to work he went. He supplied the fire of his furnace with some large heavy books that had for some time encumbered his shelves, and which he could convert to no better use; and he employed two knights, Sir Robert and Sir John, whom he retained in his service, and who had been great travellers, and were famous for

puffing themselves, to blow the bellows. As it was to puff their own works they very eagerly complied; and their works were so fit for the fire, that they burned without much trouble, though not without smoke, and a smell something like *Russia* leather and *Irish* peat. The devil worked incessantly, and Sir Richard watched his process without intermission; as it approached the expected consummation, his heart beat high with anticipated success. The original substance was already apparently reduced in size, and, according to Sir Richard's estimation, in value also, in the inverse proportion of 12 to 3·5, but this he regarded as a fortunate incident on the common principle that,'many a little makes a mickle.' In this stage of the process he denominated the chemical substance, BLIGH; for what reason is not known, except as it might be in imitation of other chemists, who are in the habit of giving new names to common substances, which have no intelligible relation to them. Sir Richard had now every prospect of bringing his work to perfection, and had not the least doubt of converting this same chemical substance into gold, when unfortunately the original proprietor appeared, and arrested his progress. He had by some means traced his property to Sir Richard's crucible, and spite of Sir Richard and the devil to back him, was resolved to regain it. It seemed that the process of Sir Richard had been so extremely simple, that in fact not the slightest alteration had been made in the original substance, and that even a few spots and flaws, by which the proprietors recognized it, had neither been obliterated nor changed. In his confusion, at this ill-timed interruption, Sir Richard did not perceive that the devil had been stirring up the fire, when all at once a most dreadful explosion took place, Sir Richard's apparatus, which was entirely of pure brass, was destroyed, and he himself so indelibly blackened, that even boys pointed at him, and the devil himself turned up his eyes and swore he had never seen such an object before. It is said that from this time he was continually dreaming of halters, and was sorely troubled with the night-mare. At such times his fair lady would gently rouse him; but she, alas, the pity! could get no good of him either at bed or board. Those happy days were past, when the serving-men in their orange liveries * * * * *

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

The Utility of Agricultural Knowledge to the Sons of the Landed Proprietors of England, and to the young Men intended for Estate Agents, with an Account of an Institution formed for agricultural Pupils in Oxfordshire. By a Scotch Farmer, pp. 27. Harding. 1809.

THIS is the age of reform. Reformation in the military, the civil, and the legislative institutions of the country, has for some time occupied the researches of certain silly men, who believe themselves wise, and certain knavish men, who know these self supposed wise men to be fools. This young north British Farmer has proposed a reform not only of those means by which the inhabitants of this country are cloathed and fed; but also of the whole system of education, of that most respectable part of the community, the eldest sons of the landed gentlemen of England. They are no longer to be instructed in those liberal pursuits which give the highest polish to the manners of the complete gentleman; but are to be transplanted from the banks of the Cam and the Isis to Mr. Loudon's agricultural academy, where, instead of admiring the Georgics of Virgil, they are to listen to the practical lectures of the above-mentioned sage professor; and

instead of being qualified by warlike exercises to fill one of their first duties, to train their dependents to arms, and lead them against the enemies of their country, they are themselves to guide the plough, and wield the pitch-fork and the spade, without even the means of being taught, like the Mantuan poet, to toss about " the dung with an air of dignity ;" this advantage, however, though not allowed to the landlord, we shall see as we proceed is not to be refused to the tenant.

In the proposed academy, there are to be two different classes of students, the first intended for persons of better property, including in the first instance " proprietors having agents for managing their property," comprehending therefore all the great land-owners in the kingdom, from the duke to the opulent country gentleman ; the other for those who intend to make farming their profession, either as tenants or land-stewards. We shall confine our remarks to the first class, and give, in Mr. Loudon's own words, the system of education he proposes for those ingenious youths who are to be our future legislators and senators. The son of Sirach says, " How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks ? they shall not be sought for in public council ; they shall not sit on the judge's seat."

" The intention is to furnish them, (i.e. the pupils of the above description) with general information on the various branches of rural œconomy, useful and ornamental, and in a particular manner to enable them to distinguish between good and bad husbandry, what innovation or discovery deserves attention, as a novelty only, and what is valuable as an improvement in art ; for what species of farming land is best calculated, what rent ought to be

required, and what the extent of time and the character of the covenant and conditions of the lease, which should be granted. What estates are eligible to purchase for profit, for beauty, or on a speculation, and what are ineligible for either purpose." Great part of this is very well, as affording information highly useful to every landed proprietor, be his situation in life what it may; but let us see the expence, not of money but of time that is required for it. "The time for a pupil of sixteen or eighteen to acquire the above information may be from one to four years, according to his previous education and knowledge of various subjects, his faculty of attention, and his industry." The old proverb tells us that even gold may be bought too dearly; every unprejudiced person must see that nothing can be more grossly absurd than exclusively to dedicate to such pursuits those years which are generally employed in studying useful and ornamental literature at one of our universities, notwithstanding the advantage that "the vicinity of the University of Oxford may render the place not ineligible to such pupils as mean to dedicate *some part of their time* to other studies," or the further advantage the pupils may derive from the agricultural lecturer himself, on the principles of "taste and criticism;" as the present pamphlet announces a dissertation by him on that subject.

In the first appendix we find a reference to a pamphlet noticed in a * former number of the SATIRIST entitled, "An immediate and effectual Mode of raising the Rental "of the landed Property of England, &c. by a Scotch "farmer now farming in Middlesex," which he allows is too frequently referred to in this tract, and in which he says he has *proved* certain propositions. We

* See SATIRIST, Vol. III, p. 86.

think, and we refer to our review of it, for the confirmation of our opinion, that it proves nothing but a display of arrogant assertion and childish affectation, the first by depreciating every thing English, in comparison with every thing Scotch, the last by talking of the times when female haymakers shall rival in elegance of manners and dress, the belles of the Argyle Assembly Rooms, and in scientific acquirements the fair *literati* of the Royal Institution. The same partiality to his countrymen appears in almost every line of this pamphlet which he tries, however, to qualify, by substituting northern for Scotch which produces this note: "I say northern, not only because I would avoid as much as possible an epithet, which might lead to national reflections; but because what applies to Scotland in regard to agriculture is equally applicable to the greater part of Northumberland." Notwithstanding this despicable subterfuge, in which poor Northumberland is stationed like the bat in the fable, it is obvious, both from this and the former pamphlet, that the *sine qua non* of this partial writer is to people every farm in England solely, not only with Scotch farmers but Scotch labourers, so that the two countries will not reap the benefit of that cross breed which he proposes so much good from. We give the remark in his own words, as no other can do it justice, "If so great an improvement has been produced in the inferior animals by crossing and the introduction of new breeds, what may not be expected from the same practice extended to the human species?"

With regard to polishing the manners of the lower order of agriculturists, the author following up the principles of his former work, declares he sees no objection to "superfine cloth, port wine [why not claret?] muslin and every species of luxury among husbandmen," and then triumphantly asks "why a man deriving his income from

the *manufacture of corn and beef*, should not be allowed to riot in all the luxuries of a manufacture of cotton, cloth, or linen?" Indeed we must own there is no great difference in the causes, they both have a tendency to bring the manufacturer to a gaol, his sons to the gambling-house, and his daughters to the brothel. However, there is some slight shade of difference, and we do not think luxury and false refinement quite so fatal to the general interests of the country among sedentary mechanics as when they tend to destroy the manly hardihood of the British peasantry. Mr. Loudon has concluded this part of his subject by the quotation of two passages from Thomson intended to corroborate, but which in fact contradict each other.

> "An elegant sufficiency, content.
> Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,"

said to be the lot of the sentimental farmer in the first quotation, are not likely to form that school of agriculture, when, as we are told, in the second quotation,

> "The sacred plough employed
> The kings and awful fathers of mankind—
> Who held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
> Of mighty war; then with unwearied hand
> *Disdaining little delicacies*, seized
> The plough, and greatly independent lived."

A correspondent in a former number has ridiculed with great humour the scheme for the insurance of cattle. This plan, however, is a great favourite of Mr. L.'s, but he wishes to extend it. "I have long had (he says) a plan of this sort in view, and also one for the general insurance of good crops and a certain price per quarter for grain."

Besides the obvious quackery of such a proposal, if it could be possibly carried into execution, it must produce a general scarcity. Interest is the chief incitement to human industry, take away that, and see who would labour for the public good, who would employ time and expense to produce a numerous stock and plentiful crop, if the profit were equal to him whether he did or did not. It is true such men as Mr. L.'s agricultural worthies, Lord Daer, the Earl of Selkirk, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Somerville, and Sir John Sinclair may afford their exertions *gratis*, but their example will not be generally followed, nor if it were would it be of general utility. The great object of the *manufacture* (as Mr. L. terms it) of corn and beef is to produce the largest quantity of each, and afford it at the cheapest rate, but the speculative agriculture of opulent landholders too often only tends to produce unwieldy animals whose flesh is too dear for the poor man to buy, and too fat for any man to eat.

Nubilia in search of a Husband; including Sketches of modern Society, and interspersed with moral and literary Disquisitions. In one Volume. Pages 456, 8vo. First Edition. London: printed for Ridgway, Piccadilly; and Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row. 1809. Price 9s. in boards.

THE Stagirite shrewdly defines MAN, ζῶον μιμητικώτατον, in these words: "Το, τε γαρ μιμεῖσθαι, συμφυτον τοῖς ἄνθρωποις εκ παιδων ἐστι και τουτῳ διαφερουσι τῶν ἄλλων ζωων, ὅτι μιμητικωτατον ἐστι, &c.* This active propensity, when solely directed to worthy objects, who shall disapprove? But, alas! there is another and a baser kind of spirit, malicious in its nature, and malig-

* ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤ. ΠΕΡΙ ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΣ. κεφ. δ. Edit. Cant. 1785. à Cooke.

nant in its operations, that envies the virtue it cannot emulate, and seeks, by servile competition and grovelling imitation, to tear away the laurel from the brow of original genius, or, at least, to share the honour, nay, there is a spirit yet meaner, if possible; one, that unblushingly steals the mechanism from the patentee, and, disguising the theft so as to elude penalties, applies it without hesitation or remorse to any dirty purpose. The anonymous author of the book before us candidly enough acknowledges, that his title proclaims it to have been written from the suggestion of Hannah More's labours; but he contends, most lustily, against the imputation of plagiarism. We bow, with implicit confidence, before the sturdy claimant of renown. The *cloak* is a convenient covering, to be sure, but it is so far from being the mantle of heavenward-soaring Elijah, that it is totally dissimilar, in colour, texture, shape, and *intended* application.

The incidents of this novel are few, and its characters fewer. Miss NUBILIA is the only child of Charles Wilmot, Esq. a gentleman who resided on his own paternal estate in Cumberland. Her uncle is Sir James W. who has three daughters and one son. She never knew the blessings of maternal solicitude, for her mother died when our heroine was quite an infant. Mr. W. and a female *humble friend* were her sole instructors. In the autumn of 1807, the former sickened and died, while Sir James was on a visit to the family with his daughter; and in May, 1808, Miss NUBILIA commenced her journey to the metropolis *in search of a husband:* when, immediately, as she herself tells us in the most undutiful manner imaginable, "so many thoughts (of *matrimony*, we respectfully presume,) now occupied my mind, that it had little leisure for the recollection of its loss." A *rare* instance, we will hope, even in these degenerate days, of stoical

composure, and the magnanimous exaltation of human perfectibility ! ! ! At her uncle's house, this paragon meets a Mr. Vaughan, with whom she falls in love immediately ; the gentleman writes her a love-letter, she catches at his offer with r. p'ure, and they are soon married, of course. *Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amice?* The object aimed at, it seems, was, in imitation of Hannah More, to produce a volume that might contain sentiments, language, and descriptions, worthy of being read: and, to effect this, it was thought that they might be more popular by being connected, in some degree, with a narrative. The plea is plausible; but when novels, (however intrinsically insipid,) are made the vehicles of improper notions, the very peculiarity, that thus bids fair to render the sentiments more generally known, imposes a heavier portion of responsibility on the heads of the contrivers. Our strictures shall be temperate, for our censure is here forced from a truly reluctant pen. They shall likewise be firm and explicit, for our paramount duty to the public admits of no compromise with evil works. Miserable, indeed, is the attempt to deprecate criticism in the PREFACE, by stating, *à la-mode de Mademoiselle Owenson*,* that the book was commenced on the 10th of May 1809, and "finished on the 3d of June following." When a man professes to discuss important questions in ethics, and deliberately prints his lucubrations, and appeals to the judgment of others, it is really a proof of somewhat more than common insolence, for him to stand up and assure the world, that he scribbled as fast as he could lay fist to paper, 456 pages in twenty-four days ; i. e. *nineteen pages per day.*

The language of the Novel is uniformly turgid,

* See our review of this lady's "WOMAN." SAT. No. XVII. page 192.

abounding in hyperbole, paradoxes, strained similes, and disjointed metaphors. What can be more exaggerated than the description of *dancing*, in pages 26, 27?

"I would exhort that parent who thinks dancing a harmless pleasure, to divest himself, for a moment, of prejudice and the power of custom, and examine what are its concomitants. Let him note the *orgies* of a ball room. Let him consider what are its established rules. Let him view his daughter successively *the property* of every man in the room. Let him view her *with arms mutually entwined, bosom to bosom, heart to heart*; let him remember the facilities thus presented for *personal contamination.*"

"Or, if *virtue* still make a stand, yet, how may its power be insulted or weakened by *the open attacks* of the profligate; by him who seizes the opportunity of *closest contact, to communicate infection that may spread with dreadful rapidity.* She will not seek *redress* by complaint."

What are we to understand by a "rapture more than holy;" or "the very blessed might envy me the transports which I feel?" pages 289, 341.

What can be more inflated or pompous than the two following passages?

"We widen the circle of dependance till its limits are no longer visible; we strike its roots to the very centre of our being, twine them round every nerve, mingle them with every drop of blood, and when inconstant fortune, in her giddy vortex, hurls us from our post, we perish like the scattered oak rived by the shaft of heaven. But this eternal ravage finds no place in the energetic breast of steady independence; if the bolt of accident smite him, he rises from the fall; if the storm roar around him, he breasts its fury; he may bend to the very earth, but the elastic vigour of his frame rises from the depression and stands firmly as before. He is like a lion caught in the toils of the hunter; in his shackles his heart is undaunted; the fire of his

eye is unquenched; the roarings of his voice are unbroken."* "The same predisposing causes which formed the antithetical character of Wharton, may operate in the same manner here; and as it is confessedly an anomalous production, it can have no validity in the light of a refutation." Pages 101, 433.

It must be owned, although pretty Miss NUBILIA is shocked at the idea of dancing, she beats Mr. *Cœlebs* hollow in elegance and perspicuity of diction: so false is the position of that poet who says,

> True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
> As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."
>
> POPE.

Like Hannah More's *Lucilia*, Miss NUBILIA has learned *Latin*, but, unlike her prototype, the latter prides herself in the dazzling parade of erudition: e. g. "*Ad hominem*," 169. "*Usque ad nauseam*," 324. "*Ipse dixit*," 350. "*Materiam superabat opus*," 417. "*Ab ipsis recessibus mentis*," 425. Neither is a knack at luminous citation her main excellence; the lady is what our shrewd neighbours would gallantly denominate *un esprit fort*: and, as such, she evidently delights in applying most expressive terms in certain very unequivocal cases, to explain meanings tolerably obvious. We forbear to quote the more grossly loathsome and offensively indelicate allusions; and we conscientiously venture to suggest, that *perhaps* even such modest and timid phrases as the following may (to some squeamish readers,) appear rather too playful from a virgin's lips and pen: e. g. "The sickly, puny offspring of a cold, diseased *embrace*." 71. "The

* Ha! ha! ha! The identical phraseology of that renowned pestle-and-mortar wight, *Mister* John Gale Jones, of *The Robin Hood!!!* See THE SATIRIST, No. XVI, page 11, for a correct specimen of the *gemman's* oratory.

momentary gust of *animal delight*," and "*the bestial hopes* of the voluptuary," 197. "A gross and *bestial impulse* of the body," and "*sensual* gratification," 212. "enjoyment," 196. "fruition." 231. In 429, an amorous young lady issignificantly compared to *a salt bitch* "in her hot pursuit." This *verbum ardens* might, we think, have been spared.

Sorry are we to observe, that our coarser intellects are not yet sufficiently enlightened to comprehend the perfect propriety of our worthy author's statements, that "a tradesman, who intends to bring his son up to his own business, *does well* to instil into him habits of regularity, of *lying*, of quiescency, and prudence," 92. that "the very *worst errors* of servants are often merely *negative*; only the *lawful* arms of their profession," 103. and that "children are consummate *hypocrites*," and "perfect *masters of deceit*," 116, 117.* Moreover, our innate rigid regard for truth prevents us from lavishing approbation on such political inuendoes as these: "a time *may* come, in the course of possible events, when it may be *necessary* for the people of England *to debate* whether a king shall be *expelled from the throne*."—"It *may* happen that rebellion may rear her *bloody* standard in *this* country."—"Great events call forth great exertions. Men rise in energy as energy is called for. *The French revolution has taught us what can be done* when the *occasion* waits," 59, 60. Either these sentences mean nothing, and are therefore insipid and nugatory; or they mean something, and are

* Perhaps MISS NUBILLA has never read a book attentively wherein it is written, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, *for of such is the kingdom of heaven*;" yet in p. 261, she prattles about "the DIGNITY of human nature," forsooth!

mischievously introduced to prepare us for political contingencies.

When Mr. Wilmot is on his death-bed, he raves away in a wild and unnatural style against the probability of future punishments upon the omnipotence of divine mercy, and the sufficiency of human justification. The scriptural grand doctrine of repentance from sin, newness of life, and faith in redemption through the sacrifice of Christ alone, is sweepingly dispensed with; and a fine, *convenient*, concise system of modern DEISM is substituted, importing that decent moral conduct is the one thing needful to eternal salvation, 158. It is clear, therefore, either that Miss N.'s delirious father was no *Christian*, (as reformed protestants understand the appellation) or that in this fundamental tenet, at least, he has "*prayed his pible ill*," as a character in Shakespeare says.

Miss NUBILIA is quite a dwarf, notwithstanding she stalks upon stilts. In plainer words, the motley farrago of conceit before us is composed of very crude and anomalous ingredients. A few parts have been already printed under a different form; and are now cooked up, again, with fresh seasoning. From 66 to 136, we are pestered with a dry, tedious, didactic harangue on *education*. A romantic *letter*, of fifty two pages, begins at 169. A colloquial *essay*, of fourteen pages, on *Burns, the Scottish poet*, takes place at 238: a wretchedly jejune *essay on indepence*, of twenty four pages, written in a feverish and sleepless fit, succeeds at 258; an incoherent *Deistical Rhapsody on the Religion of Nature*, and in commendation of extempore field orisons as opposed to regular church service, occurs at 28[illegible], and fills the whole 11th Chapter: A lame *Satire on The Whips* is spun out from 303 to 322: Two dull prose pages, 361, 362, are vilely pilfered from Henry Kirke White's "POEM ON TIME." About ten trite pages, *on Suicide*, are brought in at 386; as are fif-

teen, *on the State of German Literature*, at 404: Lastly, a metaphysical *Treatise on Love and Friendship*, outrageously wanton, occupies full twenty-four pages, from 428. If ever by any wonderful chance, a second edition of NUBILIA should be hazarded, we strongly urge two lines from Juvenal as an apposite motto, viz.

> Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
> Gaudia, discursus: nostri est farrago libelli.
>
> JUV. l. 85.

The romantic *letter* at 169, is composed in Rousseau's worst manner, as a studied defence of CICESBEISM, or love for and devoted attachment to the wife of another man. Alas! Lord Paget and Lady Charlotte Wellesley, will writhe with anguish at the stupid eulogy. But, what does Miss NUBILIA's papa (a *married* man himself) mean by "the magical incantations of the altar?" 186, or by slandering the holy institution thus? "In the dictionary of the world it is an act which condemns the perpetrator to remediless sorrow; which demands more horrid sacrifices than ever stained the sanguinary rites of savage deities: it is an act which calls upon us to renounce our dearest feelings, *to cease to be human*, to unfix the seated passions of our nature, and to supply their place by one sordid impulse, one grovelling desire, one master principle," 187. Or by saying, "Marriage is a state so proverbially unhappy, that even children learn to jeer it, *because it is set in opposition to nature!!*" 193. Such was not the injunction of the Almighty, when he first made man in his own image: such were not the precepts of our blessed Redeemer, when he took upon him the nature of man. The whole *letter* is a blasphemous tissue of systematic immorality. Let any of our numerous readers, who may yet vacillate in their opinion, turn their eyes to the volume itself, and read calmly (if they can,) the horrid

buffoonery and contemptuous prophaneness of pages 209, 210.

Instances of grammatical inaccuracy are visible in pages 127, 135, 223, 280, 302, 345, 351, 361, 366, 437, and elsewhere; and there is a wretchedly blundering quotation from *Milton's Paradise Lost, viii.* 383; but we forbear to comment upon them, for we have already exceeded the limits we usually assign to novels in our Review.

Of NUBILIA a spirit of liberality induces us to assert, in words that the author cannot but receive with deference, as they are *his own*: "joined with some noble delineations and manly characteristics, there are many parts so extravagantly absurd, and so minutely puerile, that it excites our wonder when we behold such elevations and depressions of the same mind." *Nubilia*, 68. We consider him in the light of a vain-glorious Salmoneus, arrogating to himself, most undeservingly, the attributes and honours of infinitely superior powers.

> Demens! qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
> Ære et cornipedum cursu simulârat equorum.
>
> VIRGIL, *Æn. VI.* 590.

Celia in search of a Husband. By a modern Antique. In two Volumes. Pages 322, 306, octavo. First Edition. Printed for Newman and Co. Leadenhall-street, London. 1809.

Miss Celia Delacour, the damsel "in search of a husband," is an orphan niece of Mrs. Martha Mansfield, and an only sister of Lady Frances Townley, wife to Sir H. T. a gentleman of fortune and fashion. In consequence of the death of a son, Sir Harry visits Hadley, Mrs. M.'s

residence, and prevails upon her to consign Miss C. D. "nothing loth," to his protection; with a view, ostensibly, to the relief of Lady F. T.'s maternal sorrows; her ladyship, however, is a modern dame of the ton, and in no real want of sisterly consolations. During her protracted stay in London, Miss Celia gets acquainted with many fine folks and eccentric characters of both sexes, and is herself the admiration of every company. She declines three matrimonial offers with great firmness, and returns heart-whole to *dear* Hadley; where, after much sentimentality and some sentiment, this compassionate girl condescends to wed Lord Ellincourt, a young nobleman of amiable manners, whose faithless and divorced lady is married to her seducer, after blessing Lord E. with four pledges of connubial love, viz. one interesting son and three daughters, the youngest an infant in arms.

From pages 166, 184, 194, of vol. II. and from other incidental passages, it is glaringly evident that this meagre and illiterate imitation of Hannah More's *Cælebs in search of a Wife*, was begun and concluded, like *Nubilia in search of a Husband*, with no friendly mind towards the original.

It should seem that the unnatural phrase "*in search of a Husband*," had some hidden charm in the opinion of *Celia*'s author, for it is nauseously repeated *twenty-three times*; the common verb "*to own*," is also repeated as often, and always improperly; the affectation of "*to accord*," instead of the good old English verb "*to grant*," occurs frequently. Without evincing any English classical taste, or the slightest grammatical knowledge of the French and Latin languages, the **female* author ventures

**For the propriety of this appropriation of *sex*, we refer to the work, vol. I. page 198, and vol. II. page 252.*

boldly to decorate her sentences in the most lavish manner with such embellishments as the following:

"She must *make up* her feelings." Vol. I. 5. "Je ne *sais* quoi." 23. "*gaietié.*" 57. "He's a perfect *anodyne,* (*antidote*) to mirth." 77. "It *is* only the intoxicated *children* of folly who shun the sober path of reason, who, like the votary of Bacchus, *sips* the insidious poison." 78. "Celia was full of hope, *nor did the vision flee her bosom.*" 88. "*Lord* Ernmore is quite *penserosa.*" 122. "*Hastening* (where it clearly should be *ending*) the interview." 148. "*Sir Peter and his lady* admitted the hope; while Celia, the fair destiny of *their maternal* bosoms, retired." (Qu. Was *Sir Peter* an old *woman?*) 200. "What a *bore!*" 263. "I hope *I know* it was." Vol. II. 5. "That I shall *appreciate* my restoration to her favour, I may sincerely avow." 7. "*Entré,*" (instead of *entrez,* come in) 19. "In the inner room I spy a winkling lamp, that *weakly strokes* the ambient air." 27. "The old *mansolem,*" (*mausoleum.*) 30. "*Naivette.*" 31. "*Bonafide.*" 37. "How admirably Danbury bears the late *découvrir!*—he has infinite *addressé.*" 44. "Slaves, *asses!!!* said Celia." 55. "A lasting sunshine, where no *virtual feeling* aids the lulling anodyne." 62. "Desolate *departement* of the masculine structure." 77. "The traces of the academic college are now *subjugated* in *that* of the veterinary theatre." 81. "*Sanctum sanctorum.*" 86. "Lady Townly was visiting; nor, when she heard the tender tale, did she *elicit any of those semblances* so graceful in her sex." 124. ALL 130! and 138! "It would, assuredly, have *completed* your *assumption* as a *cocher,* said Celia," 156. "*Denouement* of fashionable aids." 164. "There *is* already *seated* the sure and certain *consequences* of a moral defection." 237. "Of some men I will not *resign* my *permission.*" 245. "She does not care a *button* for you; not a *buck's button,* nor a *set of buttons.*" 280.

In vol. I. chap. VIII. we learn, that Sir Harry Townly, recovering from a slight indisposition, during which he had slept apart from his wife, fondly insisted on a *private t te-à-tête:* and we are told with all the gravity imaginable, that Miss Celia "forbore to seek her sister, conjecturing rightly, that the baronet's conference was *of a domestic nature.*"

In vol. II. chap. VIII. we were shocked and disgusted by the following *most extraordinary* insinuation: "Tell me, my son," said Celia, "how you are *sure* that God listens to your prayers?"—"Why, he sent Mrs. Mansfield when Harriet was sick," said Edward; "and I prayed to God that you would (*might*) come and be our mama, (*mamma,*) and he gave me what I wished." "Celia turned her eyes on Lord Ellincourt—"*What is this?*" said she. "THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS," said my lord, "and *the perfection of mortal happiness,*" 288, 289!!!

Oh! it is the drudgery of all drudgeries to read and to meditate upon such vile, such insufferable stuff! Nevertheless it is almost an even wager that Messieurs the *critics* of THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, will shake their "αμυνα καρηνα, as Lucian calls them; will sapiently dissent from our opinion, as heretofore in the case of *Cœlebs*, and *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and will labour heavily to puff off *Celia* and *Nubilia*; we wish them all possible success: but

Nobis non licet esse tam disertis,
Qui *Musas* colimus *severiores.*

MARTIAL, IX. 11.

The RIVAL IMPOSTORS, or, Two Political Epistles to Two Political Cheats, &c. Gillet, 7, Crown-court, Fleet-street. Price 2s. 6d. pp. 70.

WE will not deprive our readers of any part of the pleasure which they will derive from the perusal of this most

IMPORTANT and most excellent pamphlet by giving any extracts. We conjure every Englishman to examine the interesting and incontrovertible *facts* and observations which it contains, and promise him not only information but amusement.

A Letter to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, on recent Events, with a Statement of the Conduct of Generals Trigge and Fox, during their Commands at Gibraltar, and an Enquiry into Major Charles James's Claims to Promotion. By THOMAS HAGUE, *(COMMON INFORMER !)* Said to be printed by Wm. Horseman, late Shoe-black to the said Thomas Hague.

The illustrious objects of this contemptible author's malignant and predatory attacks having prudently resolved not *to purchase* his silence, the villain has become absolutely insane. And we defy all the mad-houses in the kingdom to produce a lunatic more worthy of a straight waistcoat, and all the gaols to exhibit a knave more deserving of a halter.

"Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the *slaver* kills, and not the bite."

Thus while their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Sussex, feel no inconvenience from the malignant abuse of this infamous mad-man, the Duke of Kent is most seriously injured by his destructive praise.

How lamentable is the fate of this exalted personage, damned by the approbation of *Thomas Hague* and cursed with the services of *Thomas Dodd !!!* In a former number we conjured his Royal Highness, under certain *circumstances*, to dismiss this latter miscreant from his service—had our advice been taken, many painful occurrences would

have been avoided.—We are the real friends, and not the parasites, of the royal family, and we therefore will not conceal from the Duke of Kent, the unpleasing fact, that his name has been most scandalously prostituted and (for the *basest* purposes) by his *confidential secretary!!!*

We know that the delinquent has positively denied this fact, nay that he has even assured his illustrious master, that he never made use of his name either to influence the conduct of Thomas Hague or *Mary Anne Clarke,* but we HAVE SEEN *documents in his own hand writing,* which incontrovertibly establish his guilt.—Gracious heaven!—is the associate and friend of Jew King—Gwillim Lloyd Wardle, Thomas Hague, and Pierre Frank M'Callum a proper person to fill the office of confidential secretary to the Duke of Kent?—His Royal Highness has been most egregiously deceived with regard to this man; and he may have trusted him with family secrets, which although perfectly harmless in themselves, may be extremely improper for the public ear, and therefore he may hesitate to discharge him, lest the infuriated miscreant should dishonourably betray his confidence,—but if the man himself had one spark of honour in his heart, or one idea of propriety in his head, he would immediately RESIGN HIS SITUATION!!!

It would be useless for us to analyse the contents of the foolish pamphlet before us: like all its infamous author's former productions it consists of malignant falsehoods—miserable attempts at wit—clumsy irony,—and vile sentiments expressed in viler English. The only novelty is a silly attempt to conciliate Mr. Garrow, whose splendid talents he probably has it in contemplation to employ in some meditated lawsuit,—but it will not do!

We heartily wish that the *keeper* of this lunatic scribbler and his *wife,* would treat him as a patient *incurably*

afflicted with the hydrophobia *; for, as we before observed, his *slaver* is extremely noxious.

By the bye we should be glad to know *how* Mr. T. is paid for his civilities to this unfortunate wretch. We have heard that he not only lodges and feeds the husband, but that he occasionally boards the wife!!!

Bland's Poems, (continued from our last Number.)

THERE is no task more disagreeable or more invidious than that of pointing out the errors and imperfections of a man of genius, whose abilities we acknowledge, and of whose good opinion we are ambitious. Few authors are satisfied with limited commendation; they are more content with unqualified censure, or outrageous abuse. When a writer is decidedly condemned, he can at least ascribe the severity of the sentence to prejudice or malignity; it is discriminative criticism alone, from which he has no other appeal than against the ability of his judges. Had we felt any personal dislike, or critical prejudice towards Mr. Bland, we could easily have confined our criticism to his deformities; and we must refer to the liberality of our praise as some alleviation of the severity of our censure.

Though the plot of Mr. Bland's romance is conducted with great talent and dexterity, the improbability of its leading incidents detracts considerably from its interest. That four knights should be confined in four separate cells, that each of these cells should be beneath a lady's window, and that each lady should fall in love at first sight with a Christian captive, are circumstances of which

* It was formerly the practice to *smother* all those afflicted with the hydrophobia—suffocation may be effected either with two feather beds or *one halter*.

the improbability is not compensated for by any ingenuity of contrivance, or felicity of narration. The story of a Mahometan lady falling in love with a Christian slave, and stealing an evening interview at the window, or in the garden, has been so often repeated, and in such a variety of forms, that the reader is tempted at the first outset of the story to anticipate a long succession of common-place situations and hacknied incidents. Mr. Bland's predecessors, however, have carefully avoided the indelicacy of making their heroines fall in love with the mere person, or musical skill of the person whom they honoured by their attachment. Much of the gratification that might have been received from the artful intertexture of the story, is destroyed by Mr. Bland's declaration that

> " Not a lay of old or modern wit,
> Has e'er been written or shall e'er be writ,
> Whose every part in structure, and design
>
> fits to its fellow part so apt as" his: and that he has
>
> Dove-tail'd his song, and made each wedge agree,
> With every chink, and fit it to a T."

After this assurance we contemplate the progress of the fable with more curiosity than emotion; we do not feel interested in the characters that are introduced as real personages endowed with the feelings of human nature, and subject to the vicissitudes of fortune, but as puppets whose manœuvres are directed by the wires of the show-man; and when the exhibition is concluded our attention is withdrawn from the evolutions of the performers, to the skill of their director.

His attempts at humour are deplorably unsuccessful. They do not indeed display the pert, and simpering self-

complaisance that distinguish the similar effusions of some brother poets, but if they be less ridiculous they are more fatiguing, and we would rather laugh at the folly of an author, than be lulled to slumber by his dullness. A *gentleman* ridiculing the improbability of his plot is made to exclaim

> "Four knights, four bows, four ladies, and four bowers,
> I'faith thy story runs upon all fours!"

He then attempts to be witty on Mr. Bruce for his assertion that,

> "Steaks are cut from Abyssinian cows,
> While all unharm'd the living hearts remain,
> *For airy spirits soon unite again.*"

What the wit is of converting a cow's buttocks into airy spirits we are unable to discover, and we cannot help wishing that before Mr. Bland attempted to ridicule Bruce's narrative he had made some inquiry into its truth. To consider every relation that is strange or uncommon, as false, or ludicrous, is one of the most disgusting vices of uneducated vulgarity.

We shall pass over the aukward attempts at raillery which disgrace the conclusion of his second canto. Nothing is so ridiculous as unsuccessful *badinage*. The fellows of Cambridge, and the unbeneficed clergy are of all men the most unqualified to excel in compositions of sprightliness and gaiety. Though they often display vigor of thought, correctness of judgment, and copiousness of knowledge, they are almost universally deficient in the lighter graces of style and sentiment. We should as soon expect Mr. Bland to practice the vices and imitate the manners of the Chevalier de Faublas, as to attain the ease or vivacity of his biographer *Louvet*.

The tale told by Selim in the garden is one to which

no Mahometan would have listened, and which, if he had had the patience to attend to it, he could not have understood. It difficult to conceive how a tale of murder and gallantry could be interesting, or the names of Gascony, Fitztraver, and Rosalia, intelligible to four young maidens, educated in the island of Cythera. The Italian stanza is of all others the least adapted to Selim's purpose. "I'faith 'tis *lenten* fare," is an exclamation that we had scarcely expected to be put into the mouth of a Grecian merchant. A viol is a strange instrument to be let down from the bedchamber of a Turkish lady. The conversion of Hámet is introduced with too little preparation, and he renounces his religion with a facility that leaves no cause for exultation in a Christian reader.

Mr.B.'s diction is often quaint, and his epithets affected. Such expressions as *dreaming fancy*, the *horseman ghost*, "the crimson ray *peer'd* forth in joy." "*Now in a trice of time*," &c. &c. and such lines as "Dangerous as mermaid's music, and as sweet." "*I ever hold in reverence that same*," &c. &c. possess neither correctness nor dignity. Of all the errors into which a poet is liable to fall, there is none that ought to be so carefully avoided as the affectation of simplicity. There are innumerable passages in the poem before us which are purposely degraded by homeliness of language, and tautology of construction; but their present character is as far removed from the chastened elegance of beautiful composition, as the naked deformity of a Hottentot from the simple neatness of a Parisian flower-girl.

The tenth Canto opens with a violent philippic against the conduct of the present ministry to Denmark. He deplores in pathetic terms the ruin of our national character, and falls into a violent fit of poetic frenzy at the sordid and mercenary spirit, by which he supposes the projectors of the expedition to have been influenced; as this episode, independent of its folly, has no poetical beauty, and is

utterly misplaced, we can only ascribe its introduction to a spirit of faction that does little credit to the heart or understanding of its author. It is amusing to contrast the conduct of a writer with his interest, and to observe the inconsistency of passion with itself. That Mr. Bland expects his volumes to descend to futurity can scarcely be doubted by any one who is at all acquainted with the vanity of authorship, or with the character of Mr. Bland himself. To defile his book therefore with a fragment of party declamation, on a subject that will hold a place so comparatively insignificant in the future records of British atchievements, was a sacrifice of ambition to enthusiasm that proves Mr. Bland to be very zealous, or very inconsiderate.

It is not our present intention to defend the expedition to Copenhagen. The expedience or inexpedience of the measure, * is at least too doubtful to justify a poet in any expression of his feelings so strong and indecorous. We are afraid that Mr. Bland knows as little of the law of nations as of the rules of propriety, and are inclined to hope that if he had understood the subject on which he has attempted to be eloquent, he would have held his peace.

His minor poems have neither the fire of enthusiasm, nor the grace of levity. They are mere combinations of sounds, sometimes without meaning, and always without vigour, sprightliness or elegance. We have selected the following specimen as neither worse nor better than the rest. And we believe that our readers will not be very anxious for any further extracts.

" How light was the yoke, and how sweet the employ,
When to Mary's caprice I submitted a slave,
Yet I knew not the pleasure nor courted the joy,
Till Mary in anger my liberty gave.

* This question is fully discussed in No. I. of the SATIRIST.

My limbs were unfettered, my hands were unbound,
From my servitude then I had leave to depart,
But where is the freedom I hoped to have found,
If a fetter more galling encircle my heart.

To a service so blissful oh! bid me return,
Return, and dear Mary! release me no more,
To each fear, every care, every tender concern,
And each gentle rebuke that endear'd it before.

For who that a captive had yielded to thee,
Of that sweet employment could ever complain?
Or who could in freedom enjoy to be free,
Who had bow'd to thy yoke, and remember'd thy chain?

In saying that this and many other pieces in the volume might have been written by a school-boy, we only express our opinion that Mr. Bland's genius is not universal. With all his faults, he is a writer of considerable poetical ability, and we have no doubt that the success of these volumes will be such as to encourage to greater and more arduous undertaking.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.*

THE BRIDGE-STREET COMMITTEE.

COLONEL Wardle has not yet determined what line of conduct to adopt with respect to Mrs. Clarke—he attends almost daily a committee which has been appointed to take this momentous affair into consideration—Sir Richard

* Owing to a mistake these articles were not inserted in their usual situation.

Phillips, at whose house the members assemble, has proposed that the question whether the Lady be or be not *guilty of* PERJURY, shall be left to arbitration !!!—We have received information of the system of intrigue which is carried on by these *honorable* gentlemen, and beg leave to caution Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke against the toils which we know are spread to entrap her,—If she consents on *any terms* to give up the damning documents against *Dodd* and *Wardle*, which she has in her possession, she will be completely at the mercy of her enemies. Perhaps she is not aware that the moment these proofs of her innocence are out of her hands, a *creature* of the Colonel's will be instructed to prosecute her for PERJURY, and it is out of any one's *power* to *release* her from a criminal prosecution. If Colonel Wardle were not ignorant of those laws which he wishes to reform, he would know that even an attempt to compound a criminal prosecution subjects the offender to the *pillory* and other disagreeable punishments.

EPIGRAM.

Th' Arch-patriot exclaims, half reform is a trick,
You must cut to the root, you must probe to the quick.
No measure can rescue your *rights* I assure ye
Unless you abolish the *trial by Jury.*
Of a jury, arch-patriot ! O banish your fears,
'Tis an Englishman's right to be *tried by his peers.*
And should the wise sheriff, his jury to chuse
Search Bedlam, and Bridewell, the alehouse, the stews,
He'd be puzzled to find twelve *good men and true*
In folly and infamy equal to you.

COLONEL WARDLE'S JOURNEY TO WINDSOR.

When Colonel Wardle arrived in this loyal town, with the view of taking a house in the neighbourhood for the summer months, he was hooted as he passed along the streets, and no man would permit him to become his tenant.—How are the mighty fallen!

NEW APPOINTMENT.

Gwillim Lloyd Wardle, M. P. for Oakhampton, has been pleased to appoint Sir Richard Phillips, Knight and Bookseller, his ambassador extraordinary to the Sultana of Westbourne-place, with full powers to treat on the basis of the *status quo*, but he is instructed by no means to agree to the *uti possidetis*.

COBBETT'S CONSISTENCY.

Mister Cobbett, for once has acted consistently—at least, with his *recent* professions.—He has for some time been calling upon parliament to *disfranchise* certain boroughs; and his recent trial at Winchester has proved, what an enemy he is to the *freedom of* the Burgesses.

Trist, *the Notorious Gambler.*

The bill of indictment which this miscreant preferred against the publisher of the *Satirist*, in consequence of our exposition of his enormities, was last sessions thrown out by the Grand Jury. We have been informed that another wretch, who supposes himself to be the person alluded to in No. II. of our "*Notorious Gamblers*," intends to

follow his example; we have profited by our information, and have collected from authentic sources such a phalanx of evidence, that, should he proceed, we pledge ourselves to convince the world that even the conduct of Trist will appear virtuous, when compared with the actions of this fashionable depredator. What fools these men must be thus to *recal* the attention of the public to their own ignominy!

In our last No. we stated that we hoped to present our readers with some important information.—Mr. Wardle's threatened prosecution *for perjury,* has however for the present prevented us from gratifying their curiosity.

THEATRES.

"Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti." HOR.

If, at other times, we have had to complain that the stage produced no subjects for criticism, and have attributed the slightness of our superstructure to the want of a proper foundation, common honesty calls upon us to confess, that we have now at least sufficient ground to work upon. Our area, indeed, seems to be extended by the exertions of the new colonies, that have settled themselves at the LYCEUM and 'THE CIRCUS;' but it may be doubted whether these colonies are not yet in too infant a state to come within the strict cognizance of the laws of criticism. It would be almost unreasonable to expect

that they should have been able already to bring their manufactures to any such degree of perfection as to come in competition with the articles of the established markets. It will be considered, therefore, rather as a proof of our lenient disposition than of our neglect, if we neither conduct the reader to the LYCEUM, to analyse the merits of MR SIDDONS's new opera, nor cross the water to hear MR. ELLISTON sing.

The HAYMARKET theatre has supplied us with sufficient subject for comment. Within this month it has produced a new play and a new farce; and though the farce was eldest born, the play, by all the laws of precedence, demands our first attention.

The *Foundling of the Forest*, a play in three acts, is the work of Mr. Dimond, a young gentleman whom some of the public may perhaps remember as the author of "Adrian and Orrila," "Hero of the North," "Hunter of the Alps," &c. &c. If the name of a thing were worth disputing about, it would not be very difficult to shew that the title of play, in its proper and definite sense, as distinguishing one class of dramatic productions, does not belong to the Foundling of the Forest: which, in fact, is rather a kind of speaking serious pantomime, something differing from a melo-drama, as the divisions between dumb shew and dialogue are not so distinctly marked, and yet bearing a nearer affinity to that species of scenic exhibitions than to the legitimate drama. Stage effect, therefore, has been evidently the author's only object; and to this nature, pathos, and character, if indeed they were within his reach, have been sacrificed, and probability violated.

It is utterly impracticable to give, within the limits to which we are necessarily restricted, a detailed view of the conduct of this piece: it will be sufficient to present

such a slight sketch of the fable, as may serve to make our comments intelligible.

The Count de Valmont, a distinguished officer of the royal party in the civil wars which desolated France in the 17th century, marries a lady of the name of Eugenia. Soon after she has brought him a son, his country calls him a second time to fight her battles: he leaves his kinsman, the Baron Longueville, to guard his wife and child at home, and joins the army in a distant province. Here he is wounded and made prisoner by the enemy. Recovering his health and liberty, he finds that a report of his death had prevailed through France, and hastens to remove the terrors of his wife. On reaching his castle he finds it in flames; he is told that the Hugonots had surprised it, and put his whole family to the sword. In the deepest despair he wanders for many weeks in solitude, and is only awakened from his despondency by finding in a forest an infant, that seemed to be unnaturally left there to perish. The count's wanderings terminate, and he settles with his adopted child in Alsace. As the foundling grows to years of manhood his protector resolves to marry him to his niece Geraldine, the heiress of his estates, between whom and the youth he had discovered a mutual passion.

At this period the piece commences. The Baron Longueville, who like all kinsmen of romance, placed in similar trusts, is a most shocking mulberry-breeched villain, it appears had betrayed de Valmont's castle to the Hugonots, and had employed his own *valet*, Bertrand, to assassinate Eugenia and her child. And this he did with the view of obtaining the estates of the supposed dead de Valmont. After waiting, however, very patiently eighteen years, without making any other attempt of this sort, he takes it extremely ill that de Valmont, by preferring the foundling, Florian, to him, should deprive him

not only of his long-expected estates, but also of the youthful Geraldine, whom it seems he had made up his mind to have for a wife, without thinking it necessary to consult her taste on the matter. He is one of those, however, who consider blood-letting as the most effectual remedy in all such cases; and he resolves to cut the matter short by cutting Florian's throat. But he chooses to do this by deputy, and orders his valet, Bertrand, to way-lay him in the neighbouring forest, as he returns by night to the castle; and to make the business sure he hires two bravoes to assist him. Bertrand, who has some qualms of conscience on account of his former crimes, demurs, but at length, in regard to a former oath, complies. Florian being thrown by his horse, loses his way in the forest, but encounters the bravoes; whom, however, by a little stage manœuvring he contrives to elude. It being now near midnight, he seeks refuge from a violent storm in a lonely cottage, whence by shewing his soldiers dress he frightens an "unknown female," as she is styled in the list of characters. He makes himself very comfortable, however, over a warm fire, and some good Rhenish, and listens very contentedly to an old woman's story respecting this "unknown female," who, it seems, had been caught wild by some peasants in the woods, and carried round the country as a shew, but had been rescued from this deplorable condition by the humane old cottager. The tale is scarcely ended when Bertrand and the bravoes rush into the cottage, and seize on Florian to drag him into the wood there to murder him. At that instant the unknown female re-enters; Bertrand sinks in horror into the arms of the bravoes; the female spreads her wild drapery before Florian; the ruffians rush forth into the wood, and the curtain falls. So ends the first act.

It appears in the commencement of the next act, that

Bertrand had taken the unknown female for the ghost of Eugenia, and that this had occasioned his terror; but learning from Florian's account of the adventure, that she was real flesh and blood, he sets off instantly to the cottage in search of her. Here he discovers that the unknown female is the lady Eugenia, and that he had neither murdered her nor her infant, but had only marked his hand with a cross in attempting to stab him. Eugenia, however, had lost her infant in the woods. Bertraud as an atonement for his former crimes offers to conduct her from the reach of Longueville's hatred, when suddenly the baron enters, and after a few terrible threats to Bertrand, orders Eugenia to be seized, who in the mean time has made her escape, and is seen flying towards the castle of de Valemont. Longueville rushes out after her; but Eugenia, who appears to have been in good training, distances him, and dashes in among some gay company, who are assembled to dance in honour of Florian. Longueville comes in soon after, and tells them she is mad. Eugenia very genteelly gives him the lie; but being told she is in the castle of de Valmont, and hearing his voice as he approaches, she utters some incoherent expressions of delirious joy, which convince Florian and Geraldine that she is not a fit person to be admitted to their fete, and accordingly she is carried off at one side of the stage, as de Valmont comes on at the other; the various characters dispose themselves into a picture, " and the curtain falls upon the scene." So ends the second act.

Longueville having Eugenia now in his own possession to do just as he may like with her, has so little gallantry as to determine on drowning her. He does not, however, employ his old friend Bertrand in this busines, but trusts to his two bravoes alone. In the mean time the old cottager has gained admission to de Valmont, and convinced

him that the unknown female is his lost Eugenia: he falls into a swoon at the intelligence, and is only able to articulate Longueville's name, and request Florian to fly to the Baron's pavilion. Accordingly, without knowing for what purpose, he hastens thither, and discovers Eugenia at a window, and releases her. As she kisses his hand in thanks, she sees the mark of the cross, and knows him for her son, but before she has time to conclude a fainting fit which takes place in consequence, Longueville returns with one of his bravoes; and finding that Florian will not give up the lady civilly, he attacks and disarms him, while the bravo conveys Eugenia into the boat, which is to carry her upon the drowning trip, into the middle of the stream. Eugenia now tells Florian that she is his mother, and he makes another fruitless attempt to rescue her. Lights are now seen advancing from the castle; and Longueville, resolved not to take so much trouble for nothing, orders the bravoes in the boat to stab their victim.

Both raise their daggers to strike, when one stabs the other, and throwing aside his disguise discovers the features of Bertrand, who had watched the motions of Longueville, and his assassins, and having killed the one, who was left with the boat, had assumed his disguise. DeValmont and Geraldine now enter, and of course are as happy as can be expected, while Longueville walks away cursing, in a great hurry, to enjoy the comforts of a dungeon.

From this account it will be seen that the fable is sufficiently romantic and extravagant; nor can it be denied that it has been so well managed as to produce some very striking situations. The attention of the spectator is continually kept alive by terror; but so it would be by the contemplation of an actual attempt to murder, or the spectacle of an execution; and those, who have a taste this way, may be gratified by attending the performances of

the new Drop, at the Old Bailey, which they may see for nothing. Something more, we should have thought was necessary to form a play. Mr. Dimond, however, of course adopts that plan which is most convenient to himself: and his audience, though never moved to tears, sit staring with open mouth and eyes, not so much interested by what is really passing as wondering what will come next.

As to the persons of the drama, they have not the most distant pretension to character. De Valmont, a bad copy of the Stranger, is nervous, and silly and peevish: Longueville is a Newgate monster, without dignity in vice sufficient to preserve him from contempt; and Bertrand is one of those consistent characters, who would rather cut a throat than break an oath; and yet after all is in fact the hero of the play; so that the properest title for the piece would have been "the heroic valet, or generous cut-throat." For as for Florian himself he absolutely neither does or says a single thing that can interest a single soul in his favour. He is a funny whipster, a very pretty doll perhaps for ladies to play with, but as unlike a hero, as any of the simpering male misses that haunted the lobbies, while there were any. And yet it is most probable that the author modelled his hero from some standard which he considered perfect; but whomever he had in view, with respect to the young man, it is certain with respect to his old woman, that he has very closely imitated Mr. Holcroft's old woman in the Tale of Mystery. To introduce Liston and Mrs. Liston, two characters have been foisted in, that have nothing whatever to do, but endeavour to make people laugh; but even Liston fails to do this in any Listonish degree, for if any thing can be worse than Mr. Dimond's attempts at fine writing, it is his attempt at humour. His humour is flatter than small beer that has been drawn a week, and staler than ditch-water.

But then the language is so fine throughout, that the author can even afford his assassins to be poets. One of them thus describes midnight; "Just as we crossed the glen the monastery chime swang heavy with the *knell of yesterday.*" And de Valmont, on the recovery of his long-lost wife, thus tags the play:

> Thus Judah's pilgrim—one whose steps in vain
> Climb sky-crown'd rock—o'erpace the burning plain,
> Just when his soul despairs——— his spirits faint,
> Achieves the threshold of his long-sought saint:
> The desart's danger—storms and ruffian bands———
> All sink forgotten *as the shrine expands*—
> *Feet cure their toil* that touch the hallow'd floors—
> He rests his staff—kneels, trembles, and adores!

Those who can admire the delicacy of this simile of the expanding shrine, and know any thing of these same doctors FEET, *who cure toil,* may perhaps admire the rest of the production, and to them we consign it: only adding that whatever merits the piece may have, they were heightened by the eminent exertions of the actors concerned in the representation, whose very powerful talents, have chiefly contributed to conceal its defects: and in this respect the author's gratitude is more particularly due to Mr. Young and Mr. Farley.

In passing from this murdering play to Mr. HOOK's farce of "*Killing no Murder,*" we feel the same sort of sensation that we should on leaving a charnel-house, and falling instantly into jovial company. Here you do not look for probability or consistency of plot, for these are not essential to broad farce. The author's sole intention is to amuse, and in this he has completely succeeded. It is impossible not to laugh, though you laugh frequently at the

expense of common sense: but indeed common sense has nothing to do with laughter. Buskin, the hero of the piece, personated by Mathews, is a strolling player, in love with the sister of an innkeeper, where he has run up a long bill. The principal business of the farce consists in his shifts to avoid paying his bill, and his stratagem to break off a match which is about to take place between the innkeeper's sister and a dancing master, Apollo Belvi, personated by Liston. To effect the first purpose he passes himself on the innkeeper for a member of parliament, and affects all the pompous condescension of a great man; but takes the opportunity of the arrival of a nabob at the inn, who requires a great many attendants, none of which the innkeeper has, to confess his real situation, and on condition of being forgiven his debt, undertakes to personate whatever servants the nabob may want. In consequence of this engagement he successively appears as *Boots, Waiter, French Hair-dresser,* and *Cook:* the two last he actually contrives to represent, without leaving the stage to change his dress, but merely by changing his wig and his position on the side of the nabob's chair. And yet nothing can be more perfect or distinctly marked than all these rapid variations of character, both by the author and actor. The little sketch of *Boots*, the shoe-black, is excellent and perfectly in nature, and it is not easy to say whether Mr. Mathews's representation of this part, or of the hair-dresser, is most admirable; in the latter he ventriloquizes and conducts the whole difficult business of the scene with inimitable ease and dexterity.

In the second act the part of Buskin becomes less important, as the interest is then divided between him and Apollo Belvi; a silly serious dancing-master, whom Buskin, by a stratagem not very honourable, induces to re-

sign his pretensions to the innkeeper's sister; and as a mode of breaking off the match, to appear as his own cousin, and report his own death. The scene, where this plan is carried into execution, is irresistibly laughable; in consequence of the blunders into which Apollo is betrayed, by confounding his real with his assumed character. And here we must remark by the way, that much as we admire Liston, and that this admiration is sincere and ardent will have appeared from every page of our work, wherever his name has been mentioned, we could wish that he would rely on his memory rather than his own invention; he certainly possesses a great fund of natural wit and humour, but we suggest whether it would not be better that he should say what is set down for him, because though he may be witty, all he plays with may not be equally so, and if they have not their cues the business of the scene must be confounded and interrupted.

In this production will be found some very rich specimens of humour, but these are alloyed by a strong vein of punning. We fear this is grown into too inveterate a habit to be easily thrown off; if indeed so very young a man, as this author is, can be supposed to have any very settled habits. It is but fair, however, to observe that all the puns and all the old jokes, which are to be found in the farce, are put into the mouth of Buskin, and therefore are completely in character, as must be known to all, who have ever penetrated to the green room. On this account therefore the author rather deserves credit for keeping so close to nature, than censure for bad habits or second-hand wit, of which he has evidently too much to stand in need of borrowing or stealing.

In the performance Mathews and Liston, standing as they do without competitors, engage the attention of the

audience almost exclusively. To the remarks we have already made on Mathews, we have only to add, that we conceive he rather reserves himself too much at the beginning, and does not give sufficient point to his numerous good things; for it is to be observed that Buskin is not naturally a witty man, whose witticisms are involuntary; but he is a stroller, always striving to say good things, and would therefore strive to make the most of them. Liston's dancing and his stupidity, are in his usual style, for which it is not easy to find words, that shall describe it justly.

There has not, in short, been produced for a considerable period a piece which is so well calculated to answer the purposes for which broad farce was intended, as Killing no Murder: and we regret extremely that our limits prevent our examining it with greater attention. The licenser and the chamberlain actuated by the spirit of methodism, would have suppressed it, and have indeed succeeded in taking the point from Liston's character;—but of this we shall speak in another place; in the mean time we wish the methodist chamberlain and licenser much joy of the amusement which Mr. Hook has given them in the preface to his Farce, which he has published.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.*

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites !*—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree ?*—POPE.

1. The Remains of Hesiod the Ascræan; translated from the Greek into English Verse, by Charles Abraham Elton.

" After what has been said of Cooke's translation, it is but a poor degree of praise to say that this of *Mr. Elton's* is *greatly its superior* in *every respect.*"—London Review.

" *Cooke*, with all his inaccuracy and licentiousness, has a *greater boldness* and *freedom of execution* than Mr. Elton."—Monthly Review.

2. The Satires of Juvenal, translated and illustrated by Francis Hodgson, A. M.

§ " It is only necessary to read the prologue of Mr. Hodgson, to be convinced that he possesses those genuine poetical powers which will *justify* him in an undertaking that cannot but be esteemed arduous," &c.—Annual Review.

" Beginning a task which was at the time superfluous, he has, shewing at the same time great ability, *not* so executed it as to *justify* the attempt."—British Critic.

§ " Mr. Hodgson is *less accurately faithful* than Gifford."—Antijacobin Review.

" Mr. Hodgson's version is on the whole smoother and more ornamented than Mr. Gifford's ; and this unsuitable smoothness, and gratuitous ornament, the reader is expected to accept as compensating an *important defalcation* in point of clearness, force, and *fidelity*."—Eclectic Review.

" Having objected to Mr. Gifford, in our review of his work, the extreme *diffusion* in which he appeared to us to have indulg-

* More *duplicate criticism* from the British Critic ! Its last Number reviews for the *second time* a pamphlet (the Patriot King) which, with some inferior variation of title, had before appeared in the Number for last August. This is the *sixth* instance of the kind, which we have detected in that Review; *three* of the examples too having the *second* criticisms *direct contradictions* of the *first*. See the note in page 93 of our last month's number.

§ The recurrence of this mark §, distinguishes the classes in which the quotations are arranged, according to the particular subject of each.

ed, we find ourselves *still more* directly at issue with the present translator."—Monthly Review.

"Mr. Hodgson is *neither less accurate nor more diffuse* (than Mr. Gifford.")—Critical Review, (Appendix.)

§. "As a version, Mr. Hodgson's is *decidedly inferior* to its more fortunate rival, (Mr. Gifford's.")—Eclectic Review.

"Whatever merit Mr. Hodgson may have as a versifier, as a translator of Juvenal he is *greatly inferior* to Mr. Gifford."—British Critic.

"In spite of the numerous versions of Juvenal, and more particularly the recent one of Mr. Gifford, which has superseded almost all its predecessors, we cannot but congratulate the public on Mr. Hodgson's translation, which upon the whole we *very much prefer* to its rival."—Critical Review, (Appendix.)

§ "For the eighth and thirteenth satires Mr. Hodgson has received the *able* assistance of two friends."—Annual Review.

"The eighth and thirteenth satires would have been better translated by Mr. Hodgson, than by those to whom indolence or the partiality of friendship has consigned them. The *former* is a very close and *very dull* version. The *latter* contains a FEW *good passages*, but there are more *weak* lines in it than in all the rest of the book."—Edinburgh Review.

"The eighth satire, and the thirteenth, being translated by two friends of the author, require a separate examination. We should have been equally astonished and concerned, if these two important satires had been consigned to feeble hands, by one so capable of doing them ample justice as Mr. Hodgson: it appears to us that his confidence in the *abilities* of his friends is *perfectly justified* by their *performance*.—The *eighth* is executed certainly with singular fidelity, but that quality is not inconsistent with *animation*, and we think the critic may *suspect himself* of *dullness* who condemns such lines as the following for want of spirit.—Among a variety of *strong* and admirable passages with which the *thirteenth* satire ABOUNDS," &c. The *more* important parts of the satire are *all* rendered with equal *spirit*."—Critical Review.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

The Patriotic Triad, or

The VEIL of DARKNESS

Published for the Satirist September 1st 1809 by S. Tipper 37 Leadenhall

, or TRIED Patriots.